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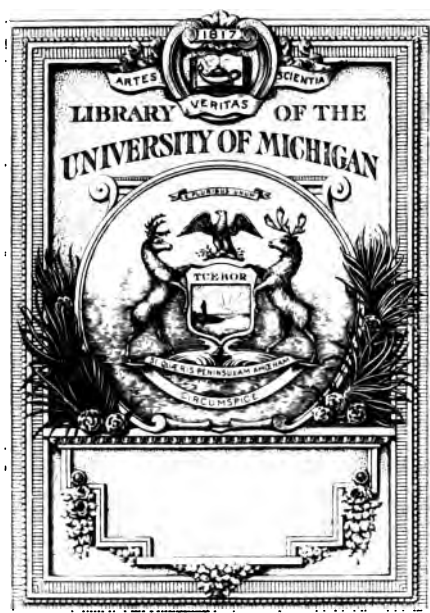
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ANALYTICAL ETHNOLOGY.







ANGLO-IRISH



ANGLO-IRISH



ANALYTICAL ETHNOLOGY:

THE

MIXED TRIBES IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND EXAMINED,

AND THE

POLITICAL, PHYSICAL, AND METAPHYSICAL
BLUNDERINGS ON THE CELT AND THE
SAXON EXPOSED.

BY

RICHARD TUTHILL MASSY, M.D.
(L.R.C.S.I., ETC. ETC. ETC.)

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PREFACE.



LEST the prejudices of modern Ethnographers should be unduly shocked by the introduction into this enquiry of a few female outlines, I meet them at the threshold, to inform them of the company which they will find within, and to bespeak for my female friends a courteous notice. To have excluded them would have been, in my judgment, a pious fraud, akin to that which declares that *monks have no mothers*. Simply to compliment the sex I have no inclination, but to treat them, in an ethnological enquiry, as non-existent beings, seems to me little better than folly. Women form the majority in our own country; among them are

individuals of the very highest intellectual and moral power; as mothers they not only communicate to their offspring special physical characteristics, but regulate, to a very great extent, our moral sympathies and form the character of our minds. Turn where we will we meet with woman's unceasing influence, controlling our minds now for good and now for evil. If, then, as I have endeavoured to show, there exists a close bond of sympathy between the material and the spiritual, so that even the matter of which our bodies are built receives impressions from mind, to leave out of our inquiry the entire female sex would be not only to pass by a section of our species offering in its own peculiar features interesting objects of contemplation and study, but to disregard a source of influence by which men are made what they are.

The accompanying lithographs are given to illustrate the Celt and the Saxon outline. The

Anglo-French contour presents the former and the Anglo-Irish the latter. The other illustrations are the truest which could well be drawn from the two extremes of our mixed race ; and the pencil of our artist, *W. Boyton Kirk, Esq., A.R.H.A.*, has well placed before the eye their distinct characteristics.

Worcester, 1855.



ANALYTICAL ETHNOLOGY, ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the year 1848, I addressed a letter to the editor of *The Medical Times*, upon a subject which then, as now, awakened much interest—the Races of Men, but chiefly the Celtic and Saxon. The discussion to which that letter gave rise, led me much further into the subject than I at first contemplated; and I am now requested by friends, whose wishes I respect, and whose opinions I value, to collect those scattered thoughts, and present them to the public at large in one general treatise. In compliance with the requests thus made, but with no small reluctance—a reluctance arising in part from a distrust of my own powers to do full justice to my theme, and partly from an honest conviction that we yet lack the light which is necessary for guiding us to a satisfactory result—I offer them in

the only form into which the daily pressure of professional engagements permits me to throw them.

The letter to which I have referred I now re-print, as it was originally published six years since. It was headed thus :

“RACES OF MEN: a Few Observations on them.
By DR. TUTHILL MASSY.

“To the Editor of *The Medical Times*.

“Sir,

“Having read with much pleasure and instruction Dr. Knox’s *Lectures on the Races of Men*, and in particular, on the many races in Ireland, I beg to offer my views on those which I have seen in Ireland. Each province (although I ought, perhaps, in strictness, to substitute county for province) has its own peculiar race. The Irish language, as spoken by a Munster man, is quite unintelligible to a Connaught man. Whether it be a difference of words, or merely a difference in the pronunciation of them, I cannot say. I believe it to be in the dialect.*

* “The Gaelic or Celtic dialect of Ireland, and that of Scotland, are still closely allied; yet they now diverge far more widely from each other than in former times. From the fact that more than 200 copies of the Irish Bible were

"About Killarney, the inhabitants have round faces, with dark eyes and dark hair. About the Killerys, in Connemara, the faces are long; the eyes and hair dark. Here the women, whom I have seen riding from a 'pattern,' sit *astride*, and manage their horses well.

"In a letter addressed to me by my cousin, Dr. Tuthill, of the 2nd West India Regiment, relative to the Connaught Rangers, he has these remarks: 'In a mountain district, thirteen miles from Linstead, St. Thomas' Vale, Jamaica, there is not a decent cottage to be had; nothing but a negro hut, quite like an Irish cabin. One might fairly infer, from the similarity between the huts of the Connaught Irish and the African,* that either one must have visited the country of the other first. It however seems that the Milesians, inhabitants of Miletus, a seaport of Caria, in Lesser Asia, the

sent by the Irish to the Highlands in 1686, and were found to be generally intelligible to the people, we may infer that at that period the two dialects were almost identical. The Irish have an ancient alphabet of their own, for which they feel a truly national predilection. The origin of this alphabet is very uncertain; *it bears some resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon, and it has been questioned whether the Saxons borrowed their alphabetical system from the Irish.*"—"The Bible of Every Land," p. 138.

* *Vide* Appendix (1).

birthplace of the celebrated philosophers Thales and Anaximenes, and the famous musician Timotheus, when forced to quit their country by the Persians, had carried with them Africans from the northern shores; and sailing through the Mediterranean Sea westward into the Northern Atlantic, made the County Galway, on the western part of Ireland, the safest and most convenient shore for them to make in their fragile vessels; for, in so doing, they escaped the heavy and dangerous Bay of Biscay. I remember, when in the County Galway, being very much struck with the *copper-coloured* skins of the inhabitants, especially about the Connemara Mountains. Their long straight hair, the red garment, wove or worked throughout, without the appearance of a seam, and the want of energy among them, as likewise the peculiar structure of their houses, which reminded me that they sprang from the black and European, most probably the Spaniards, as they were the most likely of all Europeans to sail at that time upon the Atlantic, the situation of their country being so favourable for nautical purposes in these early times. All these are worthy of note.*

* The interesting botanical discovery in Ireland of many rare and beautiful plants peculiar to the *south of Europe*, as recently brought before the members of the Royal Dublin

“In the north of Ireland you meet a people like the Scotch, and in the east you meet a people like the English. I thought I could trace a similarity between the Kerry Irish and the Glamorganshire Welsh. In the Counties of Limerick and Clare, you have the fine oval face, with good teeth and regular features. The boatmen, who take visitors to the caves at the Causeway, are elegantly-made, fine, athletic men, with large hazel eyes, which give a bold, searching, and intelligent look. Their hair is dark. In the northern parts of Donegal, that rocky district, so wild and barren as to be almost a desert, you find a different people, thick in their make, heavy in their aspect, and plodding in their way, with blue eyes and light hair, so unlike those in Antrim and Londonderry.

“There is one characteristic of the Celt and Saxon, not mentioned, that I have for years remarked; I mean the large calf and fore-arm, with the small thigh and arm of the former, and the small calf and fore-arm, with the large thigh and

Society, has some tendency in bearing out Dr. Tuthill's views; but, apart from this, we read that Heremon, the first monarch of Ireland, was the son of a Milesian Prince from Spain; he reigned 1366 B.C. The Mediterranean heath is found peculiar to the lofty mountain of *Urrisbeg*, near Roundstone, in Connemara.

arm of the latter. Let me, however, be understood as speaking of these parts in proportion. With the large calf of the Celtic woman you have a small breast; with the large thigh of the Saxon woman you have a large breast. The thigh and arm are shorter in the Saxon than in the Celt; the fore-arm and leg are longer in the Saxon than in the Celt. The leg and foot of the Celt are beautiful, the elastic, graceful walk, matchless. The leg and foot of the Saxon are abominable, as is seen in the heavy, awkward gait, of course admitting of many exceptions, which are the result of continual inter-marriages, so conducive to a healthy offspring of mental and corporeal vigour. The Celtic woman has a large abdomen, the man a small one. The Saxon woman, on the contrary, has a small abdomen, the man a large one.

“I may appear peculiar in stating these appearances, but they have struck me forcibly while a student. In the hospitals and dissecting-rooms in Ireland, England, Scotland, and France, I have observed them. But to proceed.

“The small hand, as diagnostic of a small foot, cannot always be relied on. You may often meet the small hand with a large foot, and sometimes I have met a very large hand with a small foot, elegantly made, and, indeed, beautifully propor-

tioned. The Celtic hand and foot are more graceful than the Saxon.

“The anterior curved line from the waist to the knee is most beautiful in the Celtic woman.

“The posterior curved line from the waist to the insertion of the hamstring muscles is most beautiful in the Saxon woman.

“The lateral curved line from the arm-pit to the ankle is most beautiful in the Celtic man.

“The Saxon woman’s chest is lovely. The eye has no resting-place. It is all so agreeably proportioned and so elegant, as to be faultless. But the Celtic neck speaks its easy and graceful movements, particularly visible when supporting a well-proportioned head, and a pleasing, happy face.

“The Celtic woman’s shoulders, and that curved line from the ear to the insertion of the deltoid muscle, are filled with charms.

“On a future occasion I hope to say a little more on this subject.

“I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“R. TUTHILL MASSY, M.D.

“*Southernhay, Exeter;*

“*Nov. 23, 1848.*”

Since the thoughts which are concentrated in those lines were generated, Ireland has been griev-

ously visited with disease in every shape. The black death of Cholera has knocked at many a door. The awful, trembling, skeleton form of Famine, has swept off thousands; while the pestilential fever has left many homes desolate. Added to these causes of change, the reviving spirit for emigration has caused an "exodus" resembling that of the Israelites of old—resembling it in extent (for the emigration which is now enriching America and the antipodes, at the cost of our own country, is that of a race rather than of individuals), and resembling it in the feelings with which the oppressed and the down-trodden seek a land in which thought as well as limb may be free. But even now, the sun of a happier day is already above the horizon. England's sons are flocking to her shores to raise her drooping spirits, to wipe away the still-falling tears, and to hush the wailings which are heard as they are borne on the waves which strike both shores of the Atlantic.

We all wish Ireland a better day. She has within herself the resources from which may be built up a great and prosperous nation. Her own industrious sons have already spent six millions in the purchase of encumbered land. Her faithful peasantry are now more justly remunerated for their labour. A spirit of independence is hovering

all around them. The flax mills of the north are turning; the pastures of the south are filled; the plough has passed through the rich valley, and heavy sheaves fill the bosom of the reaper.*

“Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?”

Yes; but strike it under the peaceful leadership of a man of noble deeds, like Dargan, rather than under the fiery banner of a man of mere anger-stirring words, like Daniel O’Connell.

* **PROGRESS OF THE “SOCIAL REVOLUTION.”**—The following interesting facts are embodied in a letter recently addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by a person perfectly conversant with the subject upon which he treats—namely, the working of the Encumbered Estates Court from its commencement up to the present period. It appears that the net annual rental of all estates bought within the jurisdiction of this court up to the 1st of May inst. is £1,500,000. Of this immense sum, estates of the net annual value of £800,000 have been sold, thus leaving a net rental of £700,000 to be still disposed of. The lands already sold have realized £12,500,000, which gives an average of fifteen years’ purchase; and Mr. Henry Wrenfordsley, the writer of the letter referred to, calculated that Irish lands now sell at an average of twenty years’ purchase, and that at this rate the purchase money yet to be paid into court will not be less than £14,000,000. In realizing this £12,500,000, the Commissioners have been at work about four years and a half; so that it will take an equal period, at all events, to

conclude the present business. It also appears that the purchase-money annually paid amounts to £3,000,000. The court salaries amount to £12,530, to which must be added £800 for contingent expenses, now a charge upon the Consolidated Fund. It has been proposed to make this Court self-supporting, by charging a small court fee or percentage upon the money passing through the court, and which, of course, from the enormous sum received, would be scarcely perceptible. (1854.)

PROGRESS OF THE FLAX CULTIVATION IN IRELAND.—The growth of flax in Ireland is increasing in the following manner:—"In 1848 there were 53,863 acres of flax under cultivation; in 1849, 60,314 acres; in 1850, 91,040 acres; in 1851, 138,619 acres; and in 1852, 136,009 acres. From a return just furnished by the Census Commissioners to the Society, by order of Government, it appears that in the present year there were 175,495 acres under flax in Ireland, being an increase of nearly 29 per cent. over last year's crop, and of 220 per cent. over that of 1848. This state of facts is very gratifying; and, estimating the value of the crop at £15 an acre, on an average, we find that from £800,000, which the flax growers realized in 1848, the return this year is risen to £2,040,135."

The exports of linen manufactures from Ireland have increased, during the last seven months, at the rate of 7,500,000 yards per annum. (*October, 1853.*)



ANGLO-FRENCH



ANGLO-FRENCH

RACES OF MEN.

“ Mine ear is pain’d,
My soul is sick with every day’s report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill’d.
* * * *

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other; mountains interspers’d,
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

As I intend to trace the Saxon and the Celt on the broad highway of life, and on the page of history, my readers will be all the better prepared to accompany me, and to weigh in a truer balance the deductions I shall draw from observation, on the one hand, and from reading, on the other, if I state shortly and simply, at the outset, the distinctive physical marks of the two races. Taking the natural order, I shall first of all view in contrast,

The Head of the Celt, and the Head of the Saxon.

The head of the Celt is long and narrow ; the forehead angular ; the temporal ridge on each side is well marked ; Order, Time, Constructiveness, and Ideality, are prominent. Hence, his neatness, melody, ingenuity, and refinement, are proverbial. He is the Artist, possessing mechanical skill and manual dexterity. His galleries of paintings and sculpture at Versailles, and those of naval design at the Louvre, are all eloquent of his special characteristics.

The Saxon has a broad, round head. The forehead is large, well rounded, and full towards the temple. The ridge is nearly invisible. Then come his Acquisitiveness, and great mental calculations on "mine and thine." He is the merchant of Britain and Ireland. His parietal bones are expanded ; Conscientiousness and Cautiousness are largely developed. He is careful, prudent, and circumspect ; and respects truth, justice, and probity. The centre of his head stands high, giving Benevolencé, Veneration, and Firmness, their due proportion. In the Celt, the parietal bones are not so expansive, nor are the qualities just referred to so marked in his life. He is not so cautious as the Saxon. Look at his temporal bone, how large it gets above and behind the ear ! The region of the aggressive group swells out ; he is

courageous and energetic, irritable and prone to dispute. We have all read of his campaigns in Algeria, consuming and destroying everything, animal and vegetable, man and beast, house and garden.

Self-esteem is large on the skull of the Saxon ; he undertakes vast responsibilities, and governs.

Love of approbation is large on the skull of the Celt ; he is fond of display, and is extremely ceremonious.

The back of the Saxon's head is large ; his neck is thick ; and the occipital bone is wider than in the Celt, but it does not run so high ; so that the one has the social group in width, whilst the other has it in height.

Let us now compare these heads, by dividing each into the three regions of the Intellectual, the Moral, and the Animal. The animal region is much more extensive in the Saxon than in the Celt. We are told, however, that it is less frequently used ; for his moral region is more developed, and his intellectual region is filled with thought, which overrules the animal passions, and guides the moral feelings. The intellectual region of the Saxon being transversely massive, when placed by the side of the Celt, though without the fineness of curve, and the delicacy of outline, which are observable in the latter.

Having drawn thus largely on Phrenology * (in the view of some, a pseudo science), in my description of the head, I must take a similar liberty with the art of Physiognomy, which, since babes are said to be the best physiognomists, might almost be described as the instinct of infancy. To me, the eye appears to be the only true mental index.

In the Celt, the face is short, compressed, and square, with the brow heavy, and the malar bones prominent. The edges of the alveoli slightly so; the teeth are delicate; the lower jaw angular and flattened both at the side and at the chin; the orbits are wide; and when the Celtic eye of liquid lustre, which looks rather small, is placed in this orbit, it goes deep and appears sunken, while the cartilages and cellular tissue of the lids lose their plumpness for want of adipose substance, and the corrugator supercilii of either or both sides gets into action wrinkling vertically the brow of "the man of the revolution;" and thus imparts to him somewhat of an austere and antiquated appearance. The nose is short, the cartilages are thin and inclined to turn up; the mouth is a little too large;

* Erigena, a son of Erin, was the originator of Phrenology. He mapped out the human brain, and gave an engraving in his original work, *Margarita Philosophicæ*. Gall and Spurzheim, together with Coombe, are mere copyists from the Irish philosopher.—*Vide* Appendix (2).

the ear is delicate ; altogether, this countenance is austere and cunning. He is the dark-eyed, dark-haired, sallow-complexioned Celt of the Gallic nation.

In the Saxon the face is oblong and large, the ear large, the physiognomic lines almost straight but coarse, having nothing of the fineness to be found in models of Grecian beauty. The nose is well proportioned and commanding, the eye is full and expressive, the mouth and lips are agreeable, and the chin is so firmly formed that the man cannot be changed. His teeth are strong and regular. Looked at in their completeness, his features exhibit harmony, and please. He is the "plain blunt man," with fair hair, fair skin, and blue eyes, from Denmark and the shores of the Baltic.

To test the correctness of my sketch, examine a Celtic and Saxon regiment. The first time I saw the French Infantry, I imagined myself inspecting "raw recruits," until I marked the withered faces, the flat and sallow cheeks, the aged looks, of the men before me. Little then did I wonder at their inability to stand before the English bayonet. Destitute of weight and power, when compared with the Saxon, they would either be borne down or carried onward by the foe. Napoleon, when

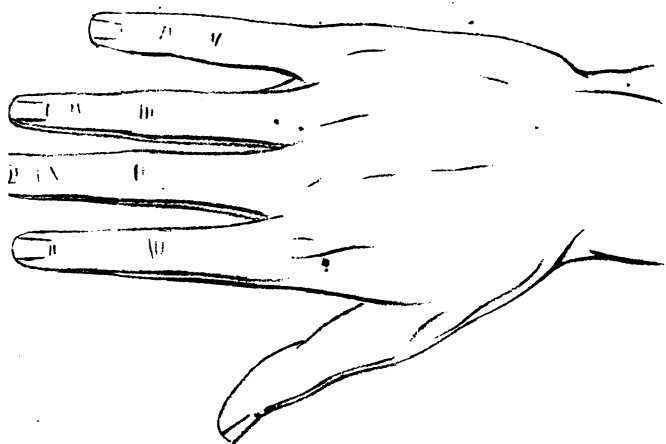
selecting his own body-guard, paid no regard to height. He chose the bravest. "Glory" and "Forward" were the inspiring words with which he sought to animate those around him. The Cuirassiers, and some of the present crack regiments of France, come quite up to our English Horseguards, and, I fear, in daring and field manoeuvre, surpass them; but they are a mixed race from the borders of France, selected on the outskirts of the Pyrenees, rolling in from the Apennines, and the continuous wave of hills as far as Mont Blanc; some taken on the Alpine range, the outposts of Germany, and the Netherlands, with an occasional exile from Erin's Isle.

Wellington commanded troops of a mixed race; the flower of English bravery, collected from the never-conquered Caledonia, from Hibernia, where the bravest of the brave still linger, from "poetic Wales," and from "Honest Jack's" comfortable fireside.

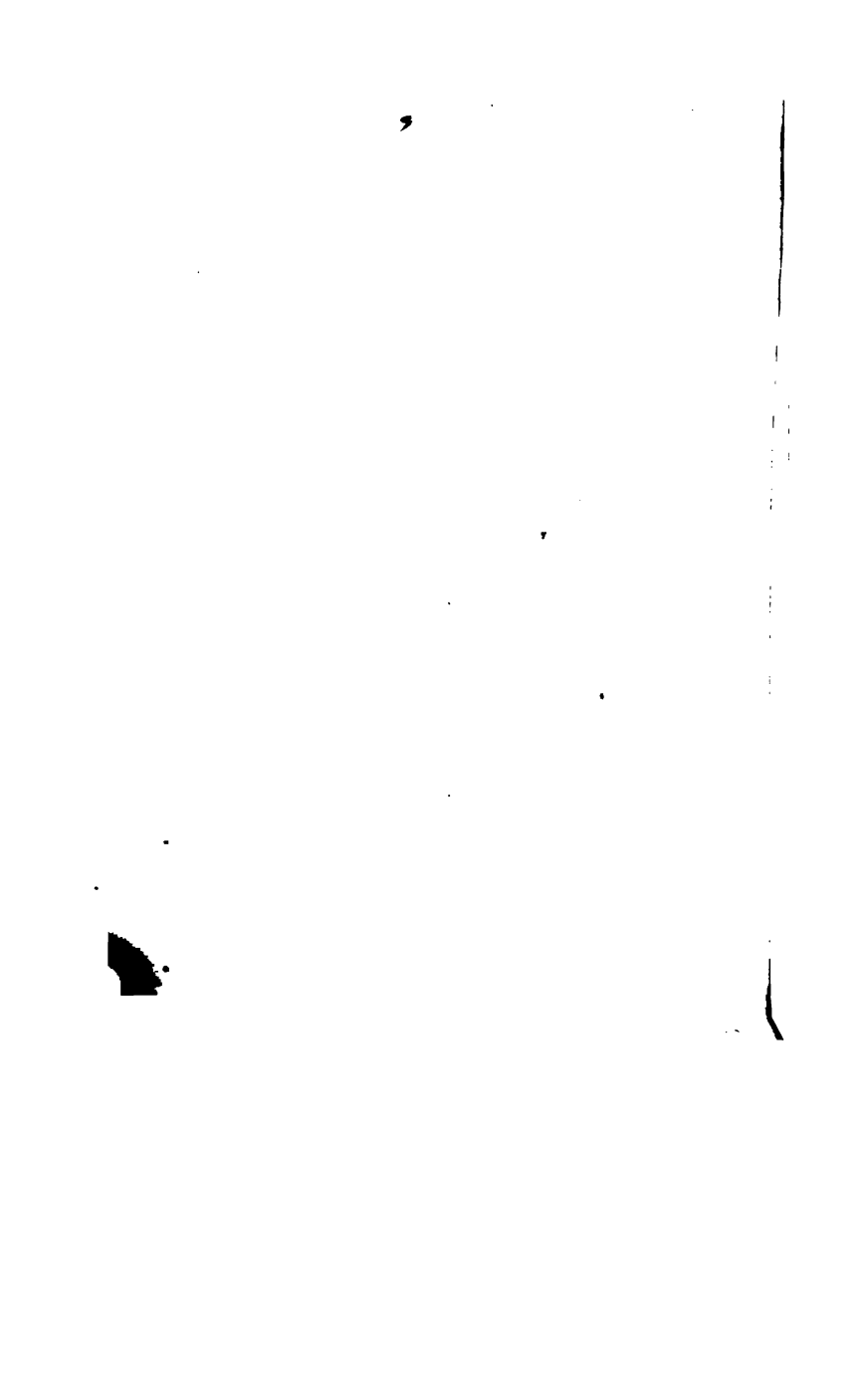
From a study of the Celtic and Saxon heads, let us pass to an examination of the Celtic and Saxon hand.

The hand * of the Celt is extremely delicate in

* Mary, Queen of Scots, "had the most elegantly-shaped hands in the world." Queen Elizabeth "had splendid hands, which she was very fond of showing." Marie Antoinette,



CELTIC HAND



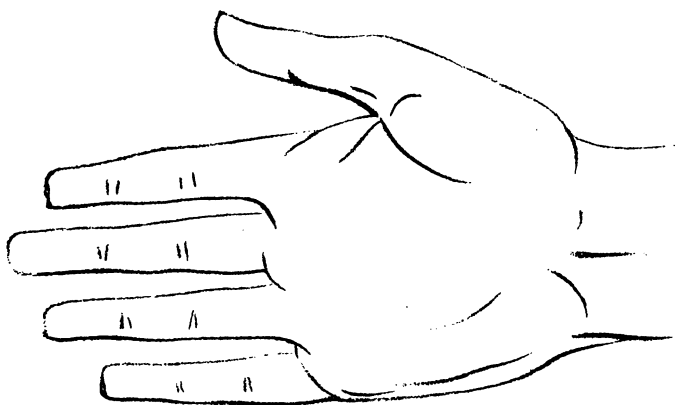
its outline, its tapering fingers, with their long and delicate nails, exhibiting a fineness of mind and feeling very remarkable. That hand can be moved into any shape, can perform any delicate and neat workmanship, the thinness and lightness of the palm and fingers allowing it every useful movement. The wrist is beautifully and finely rounded, and easily takes on a number of easy and graceful attitudes.

The Saxon hand is far different. It is short, thick, and coarse, without either the pliability or graceful elocution of the Celtic. The fingers become broad and flat towards their extremities. The hinge-joints are large and move slowly. Altogether, this hand is formed for heavy work, and with difficulty and rareness accomplishes anything requiring lightness of touch. The wrist is broad and flat, and possesses great strength, but with little pliability.

Both those hands can speak. Mark especially the eloquence of movement in the Celt, the gracefulness and versatility of position, the actual words with which the fingers direct you, the fineness and susceptibility there displayed.

spouse of Louis XVI., when masked, "was recognized by the beauty of her hands," although further disguised in the dress of a shepherdess.

The Saxon hand exhibits firmness of purpose. Observe its immobility of position. Resolutely clenched, it proclaims itself as belonging to one who plods and plods in the steady pursuit of one object. From him who calls that hand his own there is no escape. He has taken aim, the bow is bent, the arrow is winged, and his victim must fall. You find no versatility here. Hence, you find it difficult to convince him even of his errors. His old ideas of childhood cannot be shaken, and he dies disbelieving in the utility of railroads, and, in sooth, of every road save that straight and steady one which climbs the hill and descends again into the vale. That arm of his is powerfully muscular, made to wave the axe now gleaming in his strong hand. The shoulder has that immense weight to bear down everything. The mass of scapular muscles are powerfully contracted. Look, too, at that clavicle so deeply curved, and mark how from every part comes strength. Now the axe is raised; that weight and power are brought to bear upon the trembling tree, which yields and falls before his well-directed blow. And so, too, he becomes a powerful fighting man and a great pugilist; yet he loves not profitless fighting; and besides, he is a collector of property—a spatular-fingered man, as the philosophic Arpertigny would say.



SAXON HAND



Look, now, at the Celt, in his way of working. See those two together, connected by a saw, which they are directing through the trunk of yonder oak. How soon it has yielded to their skill! Did you observe the play of their many muscles in the forearm, and that deltoid so beautiful and strong; and, withal, so adapted with its machinery? The collar-bone here is nearly straight. The shoulder has nothing uncouth or clumsy about its conformation. By some it would be called effeminate.

Man's little hand, or thumb, which can approach and touch all the fingers, and believed to be one great characteristic distinguishing him from the lower animals, has many points of beauty. The upper articulating surface, or that which joins the wrist, is a joint worthy of every consideration. Its perfection, not reached through complex arrangements, but associated with the utmost simplicity, proclaims at once the work of God. Then its double, chain-like action; its varied movements of adduction, abduction, and circumduction; the graceful tendons which pass down to its extreme phalanx, and give such facility of motion, without any superfluous material; bring before our view in this, as in every part of nature, the greatest wisdom of design along with the greatest economy of means.

The Celtic thumb is well formed. There is in it nothing which can be called superfluous, nothing which can be objected to as awkward. Admitting of every easy and elastic action, it seems almost perfect. It is long, slender, and delicate ; reaching to the second joint of the index finger.

The Saxon thumb is much stronger, and coarser in its outline. It is thick, short, and flat, and does not extend to the second joint of the index finger. This thumb is, in every way, less adapted to delicate purposes. Let its possessor be a man with a mind well-stored with every mental requisite for surgical operation or mechanical contrivance, he will fail to find in his hand a ready servant for the performance of his ideal operation or design, perfect, though it be, in conception. On the other side, the hand may be thoroughly well formed and suited for any neat and elegant purpose, whilst the mind is incapable of employing with effect, the beautiful instrument prepared for its use ; which, in such circumstances, is left like a ship tossed by the ocean, without a compass or a polar star to direct its course.

The ball and socket joint, which the carpus forms with the radius and adjoining cartilage, has a greater and more universal circumduction in the Celt than in the Saxon ; the ginglymoid or hinge-

joints of the fingers are more rounded and imperceptible in the Celt than in the Saxon. Moreover, the palm of the Celt has less flesh, and appears more wiry, than that of the Saxon; the former standing in relation to the latter, as the delicate, yielding, and elastic pastern of the race-horse, to the strong, thick, and firm pastern of his more generally useful brother, whose ruler is the family-coachman, and whose course is the turnpike-road.

If these things be as I have described them, are we to be required to believe and to teach that the English are all Saxons and the French all Celts—that the Highlanders and Lowlanders of Scotland are purely Celtic and purely Saxon—that an unerring line separates the Cornish Celt from the Devon Saxon—and that neither the wars of ages nor constant intermarriages have in the least degree changed them, or made them one jot more kind towards each other? Yet it is strange, for a difference of people, of habits, and of manners, may be traced. On one side of the Tweed there is the wily Scotchman, the lover of all that is romantic, fond of his dog, his gun, his rod, his plaid, and his charming Nanny. On this side, there is the thinking and persevering Englishman, attached to his strong castle, his old town, and his mill stream. Then cross the Severn as we have done the Tweed.

On this side, you see the Englishman again moving heavily along beside his large cart-horse; the man and horse alike possessing great corporeal power. On the other, but more picturesque side, you see the square-built Welshman, with his short legs, perched on his square-built pony, trotting briskly by the rivulet which descends from his snow-capp'd hills—a man of deep prejudices, and taught to hate his powerful conqueror—brother though he be.

The Norman—the noble—the great land-holder—the man of many acres—can be traced both through England and Ireland. He has something commanding and conquering in his “plenty of nose.” Equally characteristic are his athletic frame, his graceful attitude of hand and foot. Proudly he points to that tall oak, which, though it looks as grand and proud as himself, must yield and fall at his will. The proud Norman brings all into subjection. He will be lord. And this race is thickly spread through Ireland, along the banks of the Shannon and the Boyne, the Blackwater and the Liffey. The long head, long face, long hand, long foot—all in due proportion—present a pleasing conformation. And this race is seen very much through France, mixing with the Celt and assisting him in his inventions. With what truthfulness the French imitate nature!

How boldly their warriors stand out from the canvas! Now, at the Gobelins, the finest tints and the most perfect paintings are copied to perfection in tapestry.* No coarse hand could perform such work: it must be one light and delicate in its bone and sinew. Yea, even the muscles of the thumb must be light, and the skin thin, or there will be lacking the essential fineness of feeling. Where these are, schools of design flourish. The anatomical preparations in wax and composition, and the skin diseases imitated to nature in Dupuytren's Museum, speak for themselves. And here at Guy's, and in the Museum of the Dublin College, we may view the most beautiful preparations in wax; the work of the man with the small hand. Nor must I omit to mention, as exhibiting this characteristic of taste and talent, the Irish poplins and the Limerick lace.

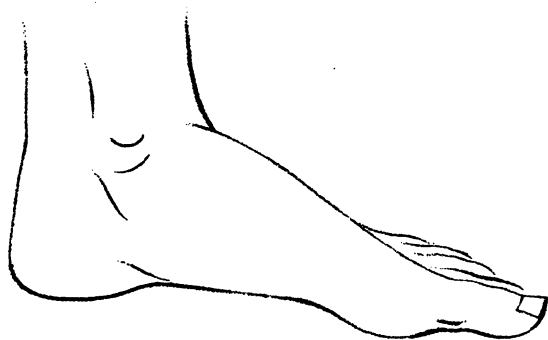
* The "Bayeux Tapestry," which has now lasted near a thousand years, was designed and embroidered by the *beautiful hands* of Matilda, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, and wife of William, seventh Duke of Normandy.

The Lady Emma, called the "Pearl of Normandy," daughter of Richard I., third Duke of Normandy, a remarkable political personage, in being the connecting link between the Saxon and Danish lines of English Kings, it will be remembered, married the cruel coward Ethelred, and the brave and generous Canute. She also, we are told, had "elegant hands."

Along the red and white trout streams in Connemara, a beautiful and well-formed hand may be seen throwing the line and whipping the stream: that hand cometh of a mixed race of Spanish and Irish. And then, on the Shannon, in gondolas, two men may be seen at each oar of this family boat, pulling together with their classic hands and athletic frames. Singular enough that Venice and Limerick should each have its gondolas! And yet in Limerick the name is as familiar to the oldest inhabitant as "household words." But these rowers are a mixed people. Nor is this a solitary case. Many of the customs and habits of foreign countries are visible in Ireland, without having ever appeared in England. The Egyptian women, the ladies in the south of France, and the peasant girls in the west of Ireland, all ride astride; nor does this method of horse exercise present anything masculine. On the contrary, it appears a safer, better, and more natural method, than that provided by the side-saddle.

We pass now to view, in contrast, the conformation in the foot of the Celt and the Saxon.

Let any anatomist take the small foot of a little Frenchman and carefully examine its outlines, its arches, its delicate muscles and bones. Then let him clear away everything from the ligaments, and



CELTIC FOOT

study that one which supports the head of the astragalus, and allows it its great freedom of movement. I mean the calceo-navicular ligament, which, by its attachments, keeps the navicular bone, and that of the heel, in position with the astragalus.

Take, then, the foot of a large Englishman. Examine its strong outlines, its muscles and tendons, its bones, and the unshaken arches transverse and oblique, and after passing over the great arch from behind, come down on the calceo-navicular ligament. Compare its thickness, strength and firmness, with the thinness, delicacy and elasticity in the ligament of the other foot. How unyielding is the foot of the Saxon!

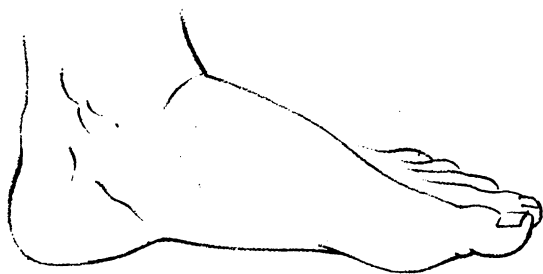
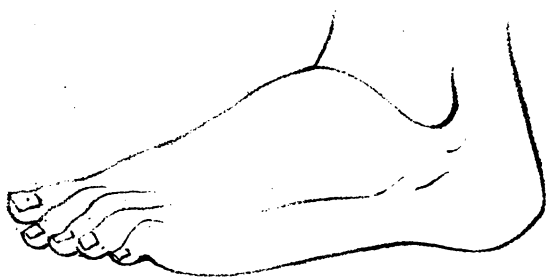
You may bend the foot of the Celt into every graceful attitude. The yellow elastic ligament will allow it, while from the joints, muscles, blood-vessels and nerves, will come no hindrance. Follow that foot through all the daring acts of the French Revolution. It passes the barricades with the quickness of thought. It is a servant every way fitted to the mind which directs it. Grief leaps from that mind with as much ease and quickness as the foot bounds from the flag. All the sad and frightful events of life, when once stepped over, seem to be forgotten; a new era opens on the man, and he

bounds forward for "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

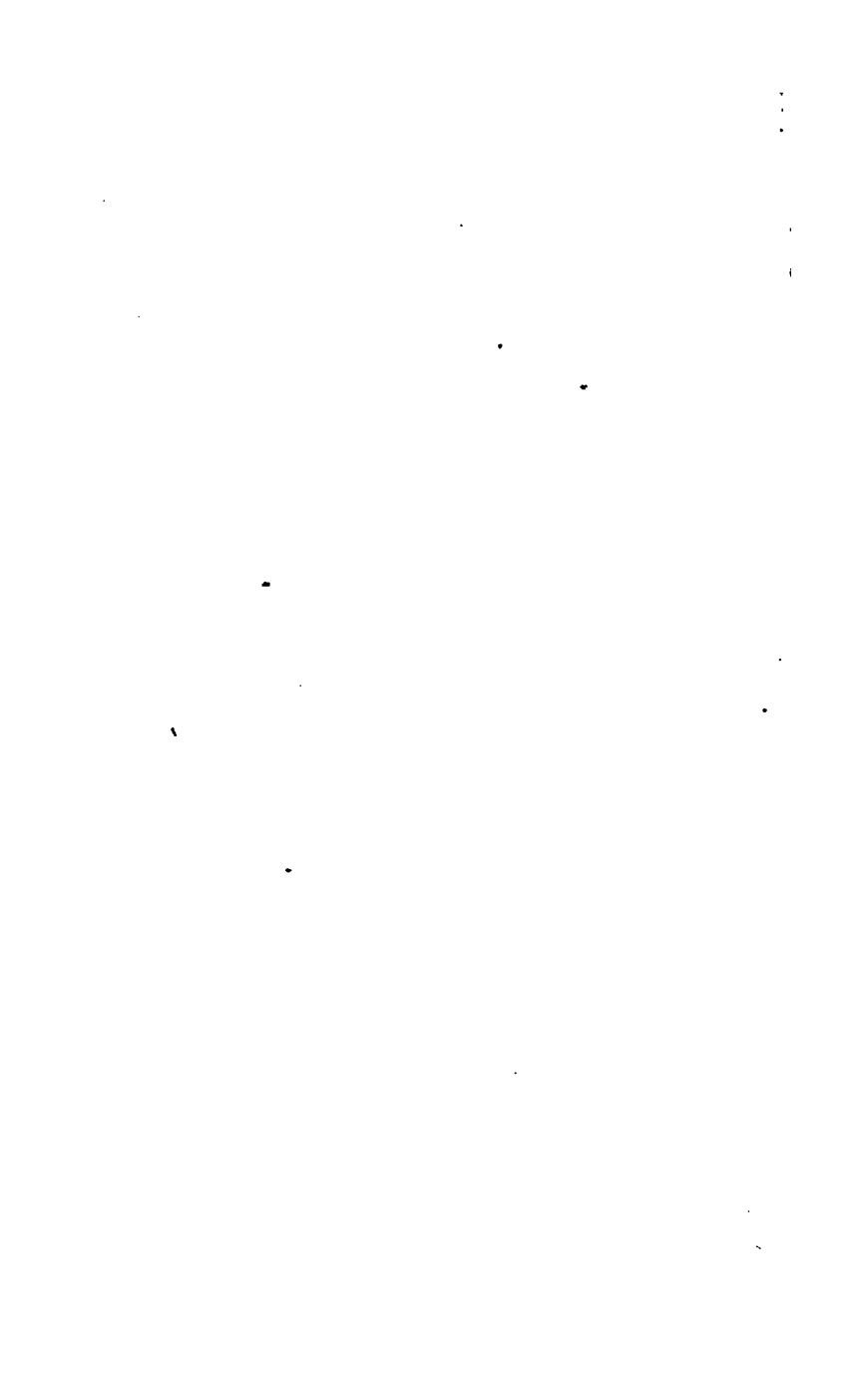
On the other side of the picture, we have the thoughtful Saxon. His ligaments will hardly bend. How steadily he moves to the counting-house; the sure-footed man will never fall while he keeps the rod and the staff of his forefathers.

As the Celt has a lighter body to carry, he requires but a small ankle and less width across the toes. And these are the characteristics of his foot. The sole of that foot is thin, allowing considerable pliability. It is, therefore, rapid in all its movements, which exhibit the intimacy that exists between the elastic ligament and the elastic mind. Directed by his passions, he flies to perform some daring act. The scaling-ladder is on his shoulder. One moment sees him on the rampart; the next, a corpse within the walls.

The Saxon ankle is wide; there is also a great width between the ball of the great toe and the base of the little one. I write of the fact as it exists naturally, not as disfigured by the makers of lasts and the sewers of leather. The one class of these improvers of nature, by omitting to take account of the large toes, has produced corns; the other, by the adoption of high heels, has thrown the ankle forward. What a saving of ill-temper



SAXON FOOT



would be effected, were our modern boot-makers sufficiently enlightened to leave matters mainly as nature has left them. For in truth, these corns, which the reduction of the Saxon foot to its *proper* size and shape almost necessitates, do sadly influence the temper, even at that happiest season of an Englishman's existence—the hour after dinner. But to return from this digression. If you will look at the bones on each side of this ankle-joint, you will readily see that they are not so fine or so high as in the other. The Celtic ankle is marked by neatness and delicacy; the Saxon by weight and coarseness.

As I purpose, at a more advanced point in these sketches, comparing each bone of the foot with each bone of the skull, as also the arching of the one with the arching of the other, it may not be out of place to compare here the yellow elastic ligament with the elastic brain.

But ere I do so, I would refer my professional readers to the disease known as *flat-foot*, in which the sole touches the ground. They know how the spirits fall with this ligament, and how, under this unmanageable malady, the most lively become depressed.

Every one, moreover, has seen horses with this unhappy conformation of the hoof. The horn,

bars, and frog, are flat ; the elasticity of the sole is gone ; the beauty of the coffin-joint is destroyed ; it sinks down ; the pastern has no elegance of motion. Get on this lumbering horse's back, and take a two hours' ride. It will leave recollections of no pleasing character, and every limb will protest against a repetition of the experiment.

I might proceed with my comparisons ; but let this suffice, for remarks on the gait of men form parts of our every-day conversation. Some of us have read of "the descendants of the gods," and a race still exists, in a little island encircled by the far-famed Tiber, which believes itself to be so descended. Their walk is majestic. The very consciousness of their imaginary origin gives every muscle action, every nerve thought, every bone power ; so that the whole individual has an almost god-like grandeur in his almost unearthly bearing.

I recollect spending a few days at that queen of watering places, Rostrevor, in the county of Down. At the hotel window sat a gentleman, telling the characters of the passers-by as revealed in their gait. By the way, the beauty of that place, where Dr. Chalmers formed the sunniest recollections of his life, constrains me to pause, and to ask my reader to pause with me, while I record a few of my own recollections. The delay will but occupy

a moment or two, and, perchance, we shall advance refreshed.

Rostrevor faces the Bay of Carlingford. Both to the south and to the north it has a group of undulating hills, with their picturesque valleys dotted with villas, surpassing in beauty Madeira vale in the Undercliff. Were it in England, I should easily gather around me a delighted pic-nic party of the *élite* on the top of that massive hill, down whose rugged side the sparkling waters tumble, brought by the natural rocky syphon from springs as pure as those of the far-famed Malvern. But here, even here, there is some one at the brook, not so fair, indeed, as the Circassian or the Georgian, and yet bearing the impress neither of the Celt nor of the Saxon. How pure, how calm, how heavenly, she looks! Her jet black hair is twisted to the back. Her open brow, her full, dark eye, her beaming, blushing countenance, all arrest the attention of the beholder. But see! she has taken her pail of water, and is leaving for home. How gracefully that uneducated bare-foot steps out! The movement about the hip is lovely. She has not been deformed by a steel corset. Her breathing, the emblem of life, is not laboured either by the burden or the ascent.

Pardon me yet another moment. Having intro-

duced this Phenician Irish girl, I must take her foot as the type of perfection. The beauty of its mechanism is worthy of all admiration. The hinge-like articulations of the toes—how well they move! The ball and socket joint at the instep—what ease and grace does it impart to the step! The tendon Achilles—how well it is inserted! Follow it up one-third, and we reach the beauty of the calf. Proceed yet a third further and then stop, for here is perfection. But leave not that foot until you have observed well the leanness and delicacy of the tendons on the dorsum; the thinness and transparency of the skin; the blue veins; the rounding of the ankles, and the imperceptible action of the back tendons moving in their sheaths; all forming a piece of undulating architecture—*the grain of beauty!*

Nor let any one condemn me for resting so long in my description of the mechanical and physiological action of the foot. There is more to be learned from it than one at first imagines. It leads one's thoughts to the study of the human mind by a safer and a surer path than that marked out by the Phrenologist, over the elevations and along the depressions of the skull. It is of far more moment to the physician in his diagnosis of disease; helps him in the study of Psychology and the general

laws of Mental Physiology, while it gives him some idea of the movements of the passions. The young student may fearlessly follow me in paths which lead to the great master-principle in the operations of the human mind—the association of ideas. From thence his reasoning will take him to his kind and heavenly Father, on whose bosom, if “faithful,” he will yet rest, adorned with the promised crown. We can, thank God! admire beautiful mechanism without sin—that plague and endless torment of the soul. We can closely examine man’s mental nature through his physical structure, and yet cease from our labours with higher and holier thoughts of the creature formed in God’s image. We can trace the “silver cords” and the vermillion streams, till we find ourselves beside a fountain neither of the earth nor on it.

If we carefully note the mysterious actions which begin with conception and end only with life, we can scarcely fail to discern a kind of internal intelligence in every part of man. Shall it, then, be deemed strange when we compare the elastic ligament of the foot with the brain? If matter, in the one case, possess, in a certain sense, intelligence, why not in the other? I like not the doctrines of materialism, nor do I wish to be understood as making the unintelligent properties

of matter the original builders of our bodies. I look for a surer foundation on which to raise the fair superstructure of truth. Man's intelligent mind, which can observe, and judge, and reason; which possesses memory without limit, and imagination going everywhere and daring everything, and which knoweth how to use mighty gifts—the bestowments of Him whose nature and perfections are best described in single words, as Spirit, Light, and Love—cannot be the result of the action of brain-matter. We must know the human mind as a spiritual entity; a living principle; the great gift of the one Great Spirit; and knowledge as its spiritual and proper food.

When, then, we predicate intelligence of the foot or the hand, we simply avow that we see in them clear indications that they were formed to be the servants of an intelligent mind, whose wishes they are eager to fulfil, and that each mind throws intelligent action into its own servants, according to the measure of its own intelligence. Yea, more than this; each foot and each hand is formed with especial regard to the particular mind which it is to serve; and, under the moulding power of that mind, takes, almost as the plastic clay in the hands of the potter, a peculiarity of its own. Thus, without in any degree materializing the mind, a

foot, or a hand, as well as a head, may be accepted as a witness, in most cases both intelligent and truthful, of the mental idiosyncrasy of him to whom, as an instrument of action, it has been given.

THE CELT: IN ENGLAND, IN SCOTLAND, IN WALES, AND IN IRELAND.

HAVING thus determined the physical and mental peculiarities of the Celt and the Saxon, we are the better prepared to trace out their dwelling-places. Disregarding the *anatomy* of the subject, we have really nothing to guide us—nothing to save us from becoming the unquestioning disciples of the men who, wherever they find intellectual and social elevation, write on it, “Saxon;” and wherever they meet with intellectual and social depression, inscribe thereon, “Celtic.”

And, first, let us take

THE CELT IN ENGLAND.

John Bull, whose face I already see reddening, and whose lips are already violently parting to let

out something that cannot be kept in, must really forgive me for introducing such company into the midst of his sacred race. But no! the very words, "The Celt in England,"* have angered him. Well, then, let thought and feeling have their way!

"What is it, Mr. Bull?"

* Judge Blackstone's metaphysical puzzle on consanguinity may now be of some little use in ascending the various branches on the Celt and Saxon tree, and clambering the light and heavy boughs on the forest oak. The curious passage is as follows:—

"The doctrine of lineal consanguinity is sufficiently plain and obvious; but it is at the first view astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man has within no very great number of degrees; and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these he hath two in the first ascending degree—his own parents. He hath four in the second—the parents of his father and the parents of his mother. He hath eight in the third—the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; and by the same rule of progression, he hath an hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh: a thousand and twenty-four in the tenth; and at the twentieth degree, or the distance of twenty generations, every man hath above a million of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate. This will seem surprising to those who are unacquainted with the increasing power of progressive numbers; but it is palpably evident from the following table of a geometrical progression, in which the first term is 2, and the denominator also 2; or, to speak more intelligibly, it is evident for that each of us has two ancestors in the first degree, the number of which is doubled

“What is it, sir! Why, who ever heard of the Celt in England? Celtic England! it’s all nonsense! We are Saxon, sir—downright Saxon! Saxon to the back-bone! Why, sir, isn’t it a fact that two of our kings—I think George the First and George the Second—could hardly ever speak English? I know that they could not speak it correctly; and there were several others of the

at every remove, because each of our ancestors had also two ancestors of his own.

“Lineal Degree.	No. of Ancestors.
1	2
2	4
3	8
4	16
5	32
6	64
7	128
8	256
9	512
10	1024
11	2048
12	4096
13	8192
14	16,384
15	32,768
16	65,536
17	131,072
18	262,144
19	524,288
20	1,048,576.”

same power and eminence, who were our rulers, from Saxony—from Saxony, sir!”

And so John walks off, with his portly air and his comfortable digestive organs. You will find him ere long taking his nap quietly over “Celtic England.” To-morrow he will be talking about Anglo-Saxon rule, Anglo-Saxon power, Anglo-Saxon everything. The evening, perhaps, will find him, forgetful and dreamy, listening to the oratory which comes forth, as a gushing stream, from the eloquent lips of his Celtic brothers. But the House of Lords and the House of Commons may be flooded with their eloquence; poetic prose, like that from the soul of Lamartine, may win an admiring response; yet John will still talk of the “Anglo-Saxon,” “our institutions,” “our language,” “our Shakspeare,” “our Milton,” “our Byron,” “our Saxon poets.”

“Can you write poetry, John?”

“No! nor do I wish. I can find something better to do than to write nonsense!”

And this is the true feeling of the real Saxon mind; at least, of what men now call Saxon—that word which has been spoken and sung, echoed and re-echoed, placed in all conceivable positions, until one has been sickened with the very absurdity of its use. To speak, indeed, of English poets, is to

speak of men whose claims none will dispute. The wide wide world is filled with the fame of the Bard of Avon—England's Muse. Men would give all they have to be English, for Shakspeare's sake alone. But if the greatest writers and the profoundest thinkers are correct in their views of the Mental History of Race, we must rank the great and immortal man, who has thus thrown a glory around the English name, with the now fallen and degraded Celt. All poets, ethnologically speaking, must be Celtic. The Saxon understands nothing about the ideal; he uses his two faculties of "mine and thine." Remember, reader, that these opinions on Race, to which I now refer, are the best, and, indeed, the only received ones. They are the opinions of ages, not of yours and mine, but of men who have passed away—opinions handed to us by our forefathers, and repeated by some of the latest writers on Race.

Saxon poetry is very lame. Take as a specimen some lines descriptive of the landing of the piratical Northmen. They date about the year 937.

"Carnage greater has not been,
In this Island
Ever yet,
Or people slain,
Before this,

By edge of swords,
As books us teach,
And old writers,
Since from the East hither
Angles and Saxons
Came to land,
O'er the broad seas."

These dozen lines are expressive of the great desolation produced by an invasion, but they are not poetic ; there is in them no feeling, no harmony, no imagination, nothing to carry the mind away, nothing to which the heart responds.

The minutes of the Committee of Council on Education in England and Wales for the years 1848-49-50, are now before me. They contain much that is extremely valuable in relation to the intellectual and moral condition of the people. In them, however, I find one of Her Majesty's Inspectors offering some general opinions upon the influence of Race ; as usual, popular and such as we generally hear among the members of the wealthy class. They are opinions, indeed, in which I had been educated, and which I had received as true until I investigated the matter for myself.

The gentleman to whose report I now refer, writes thus :—"There is likewise a very remarkable general resemblance in moral features between

the Celtic regions of the west and the Scandinavian districts of the north, except in the greater amount of energy, instruction, and means, possessed by the latter; the second as well as the third being probably a result of the first—a characteristic of race associated with higher habits of co-operation.

“The Celtic districts, considered *apart*, always give the same results as those supplied by the rest of the kingdom, with reference to the predominantly beneficial influences associated with instruction, although they often appear, in the more general comparison with the kingdom at large, to give opposite testimony, owing to the peculiarities, apparently attaching to race, which are now pointed out.”

A little before this we read: “The Celtic populations of the west, whose ignorance, poverty, and excess of numbers, in proportion to the produce of the soil, are as obvious as their relative deficiency of gross crime and improvident marriages, with only the average of incontinence in other respects, and a deficiency of savings in banks.”

“Crime and improvident marriages” have always been held up to us as Celtic characteristics, but in the plates which accompany Mr. Fletcher’s report we find these removed into the Saxon districts. According to Plate IX. which illustrates “Im-

provident Marriages," the proportion of males married under the age of 21 to the total number of marriages is, in the West Riding of York and the counties of Buckingham, Wilts, Cambridge, Herts, Huntingdon and Bedford, more than 60 per cent. above the average in all England and Wales. So, according to the testimony of Plate V., Middlesex, Gloucester and Worcester, exhibit a great excess in "Crime." I find, moreover, by reference to Plate IV., the Inspector's facts and the Inspector's principles in direct conflict, for on the unerring Plate, as recording facts, "Ignorance" is shown as predominating in the east over the west, for Suffolk, Essex, Bedford, and Herts, are placed as four ignorant Saxon counties, against one, and one only, of the same shade of colour (the deepest black) as Celtic, and that one is Monmouth. But these deductions on the Celt and Scandinavian races are only in accordance with popular report, unsanctioned and unsustained by facts.

The reports of Her Majesty's very able Inspectors of schools are full of interest and instruction, and are worthy of a most careful perusal, but I object to the introduction of such unintelligible words as "Celt" and "Scandinavian." To the majority of readers they represent nothing clear or definite, and even the few who are conversant with

their history, draw from this use of them no very flattering conclusions as to the special wisdom of the Inspector, whose report they are intended to adorn. Besides, John Bull has ever been considered an *utilitarian*, careful even of his breath: why, then, irritate him with so long a word as "Scandinavian"? Moreover, I should judge, from what I have heard him say, that he claims little, if any, descent from the Scandinavian North—Norway and Sweden—nor is the latest history of these people such as an Englishman would like to see recorded of his own peasantry. Of the Norwegian peasantry, Madame Ida Pfeiffer gives rather a sad account, describing them as "poorly clad," "always barefooted," "neither wealthy, nor cleanly, nor comely," and "their cottages dirty and wretched." Truly, those poor wretches, if only transplanted into Scotland, and placed near Royal Balmoral, would be called a Celtic race, without so much as a thought resting upon their large physical structure, and their strong and robust bearing.

I refer to the habits of those Saxon people, to exhibit the extreme difficulty, I might almost say the absolute impossibility, of drawing a clear and satisfactory distinction between the *Races*, in islands which have perfect "free-trade" in Man, an element so diffused and producing such com-

mingling currents as to forbid our encircling England with a boundary which shall exclude the Celt, or Ireland with a line which shall keep out the Saxon. As far as we can trace the *race*, and follow men by the help of those anatomical peculiarities already pointed out, we can find John Bull's physical and mental qualities in every part of the two islands, just as, throughout both, we may meet with Paddy's fascinating wit, irresistible eloquence, never-flagging drollery, and his "killing attention to the ladies!"

"The brilliant model of Kings" (Louis XIV.) had his "Irish Guards" and his brave "English Officers;" for he made every country in Europe contribute something wherewith to adorn his throne and dazzle the eyes of his subjects. Queen Anne and the witty Dean of St. Patrick's beheld with admiration his acts of kingly grandeur, but Protestant persecution supplied a dark and dreary picture to lie alongside of the bright and the fair. "Pursue them to death" was the command of the "Model King," while England's queen wept tears of pity, and the Protestant sword of Ireland was unsheathed, not to kill the oppressor, but to protect the oppressed.

The history of a name is sometimes the history of a nation. Albion may well pride herself on the

foresight of the Celtic Briton, who saw at so great a distance the glory of the world's capital. Who that hath seen London * from one of its bridges, with that magnificent forest of masts stretching down the river far as the eye can see, or who that **has only** heard of its far-reaching commerce, can **learn** without interest that London, according to **the best**-sustained etymology, is a name formed out of **two** Celtic words, and that thus compounded it means, "City of Ships." How true the Celt's prophecy of London's greatness—now a realized fact, but then an anticipated possibility.

The Celtic race in Britain were Druids and Nobles; in other words, Priests and Soldiers. Historic research has not, as yet, informed us how they dropped into these Islands. But a race called Celtic has been, and still is, here, and through every year a change is silently but surely working its way amongst us. Frequently, for instance, have we seen the offspring of dark parents having dark eyes, dark hair, and an olive complexion, give birth to children perfectly fair, with light eyes, light hair, a fair skin and a delicate pink com-

* "He that hath made thee great, bids thee take care
To sanctify thy wealth, or dread His curse.
His glory be thy aim, and thou shalt be
Ruler of nations—good, and great, and free!"

plexion. We have also seen the entire physical and mental constitution changed by factory labour, and that not in solitary but frequently-recurring instances; and I am glad in having at hand other testimony to confirm my own views.

Professor Phillips concludes his remarks on the ethnology of Yorkshire thus:—"If, without regard to any real or supposed evidence of their national origin, we attempt to class the actual population of Yorkshire into natural groups, we shall find, independent of Irish immigrants, three main types frequently distinct, but as often confused by interchange of elementary features. 1. Tall, large-boned, muscular persons; visage long, angular; complexion fair or florid; eyes blue or grey; hair light-brown, or reddish. Such persons, in all parts of the country, form a considerable part of the population. In the North Riding, from the eastern coast to the western mountains, they are plentiful. Blue-eyed families prevail very much about Lincoln. 2. Persons robust; visage oval, full, and rounded; nose often slightly aquiline; complexion somewhat embrowned, florid; eyes brown or grey; hair brown or reddish. In the West Riding, especially in the elevated districts, very powerful men have these characters. 3. Persons of lower stature and smaller proportions; visage short, rounded: complexion

embrowned; eyes very dark, elongated; hair very dark (such eyes and hair are commonly called black). Individuals having these characters occur in the lower grounds of Yorkshire, as in the valley of the Aire below Leeds, in the vale of the Derwent, and the level regions south of York. They are still more frequent in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and may be said to abound amidst the true Anglicans of Norfolk and Suffolk. The physical characters here traced cannot be, as Dr. Prichard conjectures, in a parallel case in Germany, the effect of some centuries of residence in towns, for they are spread like an epidemic among the rural and secluded population as much as among the dwellers in towns. Unless we suppose such varieties of appearance to spring up among the blue-eyed races, we must regard them as a legacy from the Roman colonists and the older Britons, among whom, as already stated, the Iberian element was conjecturally admitted."

We know also that the offspring of a perfectly black man and woman may be perfectly white, as seen in the Albino, without any colouring matter throughout the body, with hair of silvery whiteness, a skin delicately transparent, and an iris apparently pink from the absence of colouring matter and from the refraction of the humours of the eye. These

are facts in nature beyond the reasoning faculties of man. His pride restrains a frank confession of his ignorance, and hence we continue to talk of the noble Anglo-Saxon and the proud Hiberno-Celt. Why the coloured man talks equally well of his castes; he is a mulatto or a quadroon and not a creole, or he is a creole and not a negro,—a jealousy always greatest among those who approximate most closely.

Can we, then, feel surprised at the varieties of race congregated under the name of “Hop-pickers” and filling our “English vineyards” on a bright September morning? One moment you may imagine yourself under the embowering vine of southern France, lost in admiration at the “village green;” the next places before you a face from sunny Italy, while in an instant after you find your soul beneath the fire of a warm Spanish eye.

We are told that merchants from Friesland visited London in the year 679, and that, at that time, it was a large slave-mart. What races have deluged our shores!

The British bards of the sixth century enable us to understand that age better than do the works of our antiquarians. And yet the mouldering remains of a by-gone age, the foot-prints of generations who in the far-distant past trod our land and departed,

cannot be disregarded. Even now, the walls of Hadrian and Antonine, which mark out the strongholds of the British Chieftains between the boundaries of Edinburgh and Dumbarton, of Newcastle and Carlisle, tell with singular power, of the Northern on the one side, and the Barbarian on the other. Between these walls, the aborigines held aloft their eagle of wild plumage (just as our Gallic neighbours now do) with "spears to decide the fight," and even at this early period we find ecclesiastic Gildas, brother to the British poet Ancirm, returning a saint from the land of saints to sing the strains of Erin to his father-in-law!

But enough, at present, of England. Were I to say of her that she is even more than half Celtic,* I should but affirm that which a careful induction of facts will fully sustain. That the question between England and Ireland is not one of Saxon and Celt, but one of education and of habits which

* So great was the rush of Celtic blood into this country during the reign of Charles II. that a poem was written on the "French Foreigners."

"In every part they plant their fruitful train,
To get a race of true-born Englishmen,
Whose children will, when riper years they see,
Be as ill-natured and as proud as we;
Call themselves English,—foreigners despise,
Be surely like us all, and just as wise."

education developes and strengthens, a long and an extensive observation, followed ever by calm reflection, has thoroughly satisfied me. But of education, of method, and of self-reliance, I shall have to write in another chapter.

THE CELT IN SCOTLAND.

The healthful condition of the human mind is strongly marked by progressive improvement. It cannot, indeed, stand still. If it ceases to progress it must recede. Receding, it lapses into inaction, and inactivity dwarfs its powers.

The lack of means for the diffusion of knowledge—the want of new ideas—in fact, the perfect isolation of the Scotch, in their scattered islands and among the wild heather of their Highland homes, has caused many a promising flower to grow wild, and then to wither and decay. It has been so with many of that once fine race, the Macleods, the Mackerns, the Mackenzies, the Macdermods, and the Macgregors, and now called by a pseudo science the Celts of Scotland. But hunt him from the fastnesses of his rocks; bid him escape with the stag from his cover, or let the foaming billow bear him from his island retreat, and then, like the

bounding deer rushing from the stalker's knife or the ball of a royal Miniè rifle, he stands within the modern Athens, his dark eye beaming with wonder, his foaming sides panting with astonishment, his classic limbs trembling in their symmetry, forming, in truth, a picture wild, lovely, and imposing. Or, you may see him, removed from public gaze, with an awakened and astounded intellect, gazing upon the orbs of heaven, diving into the wonders of the deep, and exploring, with his mental vision, the microscopic arcana of nature. Then, alas! a false pride seizes him; he drops the blossom of his name; he turns with aversion from the verdant calyx and the rosy corolla; he tears the Mac from Ivor and becomes a Saxon Ivers; he conceals the blossom of Macgregor and delights in the Saxon Gregory—a name, by the way, which, thus slightly changed, has adorned the medical literature of Scotland more than any other. Macdermod also dropped the crown of his father and became a Saxon Dermod, but the Celtic poet added the *astore* to Dermod, as he did the *Mavourneen* to Kathleen, re-echoing his Celtic ancestry from the rocks of Erin's * Alps. This monkery of race is

* Sir Walter Scott had a close family likeness to the "Old Irish of Armagh," who were driven from their seat of learning into Scotland and through the wilds of Fermanagh and

pitiable. The cowl is donned and doffed at pleasure. Man, free-born man, bows to prejudice and fashion, and hates his fatherland; a characteristic, if we are to believe the dreamy philosophers of our own day, purely Saxon, for he it is who takes his axe and cuts his path through the forest without asking a father's blessing or heeding a mother's tears. And yet we see this Celt doing the same. He escapes, amid an overflowing parental affection, from the smoky cabin—that dark, dirty hovel of misery—and, except that the heart turns ever and anon with a secret but ever-dearing sympathy to the home he has left, he looks not back. His progress is such that he soon reaches a first rank in the country of his adoption, and were it not for

Leitrim to the far west, and who are yet remarkable for detailing the traditional history of their great leaders in learning, love, and war. They elucidate a very singular memory in reciting difficult names and rhyming them into a poetic prose peculiarly their own.

Sir Walter has quite their face; the lofty brow, deep, heavy, and penetrating; and the upper lip is decidedly from Armagh, long, wide, and barrelled. His skull has the same high pyramidal outline, and so high that it would rank with men of very close habits. Ethnologists and phrenologists would place this skull among the prognathous-type, and, perhaps, while placing it there, they would say, "This is the first class in this order; indeed, we regret putting Sir Walter on this shelf, but science, sir, science!"

that Satanic pride which makes him deny the land of his birth, and hide his pedigree in a shortened name, lopping off his O, De, Don, Von, or Fitz, as the case may be, he would win from us nought but admiration. At one time he is the Celt in the cabin; at another, the chief Saxon of the castle. Again, one moment an outlaw in the north-western islands of Scotland; the next, the Norman of France. And yet again, by his manly courage, reclaiming virtues, and good common sense, he is the Normaniser of England; still wild and often reckless, a proud tyrant crossing the border in Britain and Brittany, conquering both Celt and Saxon, and mixing and intermixing the races of men. But of this hereafter.

Transplant this Celt, now so *apparently* irreclaimable, into any soil, and he flourishes. In a few years England claims him as her son. She is even proud of her progressive child, and she gives him, yea him the Celt, as purely Celt in his origin as one at this day can be, her pet name, and he becomes henceforth a Saxon—a Saxon, because his virtues make themselves felt, and because proud England will not enshrine another name. This Celt, tossed on one of the most unpromising harbours in the world; one which to the early mariner would have offered only destruction; a sand-bank

fluctuating on either side; a shore formed of the rubbish fallen from the hills; taking as his companions the Celts of Ireland, has built a city and has become the parent of a manufacturing people, commanding, from this once unnavigable harbour, a large portion of the commerce of the world, so that even the Queen is pleased with the merchandize of Belfast. But, to meet the prejudices of race, this transplanted Celt becomes a new-born Saxon.

It was but the other day that the cry of "Justice to Scotland" was echoed from hill to hill; it crossed the Tweed, and, from the *modern Athens* to the *modern Babylon*, it was re-echoed again and again. But what was all this but a Celtic broil on both sides? Do you think that the Saxon would steal a shadow? Or, had he worn a kilt, that he would see any want of symmetry in its hangings, or feel that a fold was removed? He would care nothing for all this, if only the garment kept him warm. He hates the tinsel of our guildhalls, our brass bands, and our bower meetings. He loves only sound realities. The Celt, on the other side, could not bear the removal of the eagle feather from his cap or the plume from his bonnet, and no Celt possesses a higher claim to all the rights of heraldry than the Scotch, for let it be remembered that Fitz-

Osborn, Fitz-Harding, and Rollo of Normandy, were the originators of gilded banners, ducal crowns, rampant lions, and what are now called kingly devices. These are all Celtic, the offspring of Celtic thought—the genius of the imagination, as well as the fine intellect of reason. Now, however, that Celtic and Saxon blood are mingled, Saxon and Celt possess alike—alternate and in full—the two faculties—the duality of thought—as almost every biography of the English mind attests.

Some time about the year 290 it is supposed that the Dalreadic colony, under a leader whom tradition in the time of Bede named Renda, passed over from *Ireland* into the wilds of Larne and Kentyre, and laid the foundation of that people who ultimately gave to the whole of North Britain the name of Scotland. It is certain that, after the period of which we are now speaking, we lose sight of the old names of Caledonians and Mæota, and in their place appear those of Picts and Scots.

The Highlanders at the court of Malcolm the Third, A.D. 1057, were a fair-headed race. According to the old legends which contain the story of the Firbolg kings, one of them was named Fiacha Cinnfionnor.

Cinnfionnor means white-headed, and the people, as Keating, the celebrated Irish historian, says, had

this designation because most of the Irish of his time were remarkable for their white or fair hair.

“If the Scots of King Malcolm’s time were a yellow-haired race, they have forfeited that description, like their countrymen the Caledonians, and like the Germans and Gauls of the continent. The present Highlanders are by no means a Xanthous people. In particular districts and in some valleys in the Highlands, it is noted that most of the inhabitants have red hair, but this is only in limited tracts where, however, there is nothing of foreign colonization. The prevalent characters in a great part of the western Highlanders are rather dark brown hair, uncurled, with a complexion not very fair, but with gray eyes. A man with coal-black, curled hair, and black eyes, looks singular in a group of the general complexion; and, in places where this variation is frequent, the opposite variety also occurs, namely, a fair skin with red or yellow hair. It seems unquestionable, that the complexion prevalent through the British Islands has greatly varied from all the original tribes, who are known to have jointly constituted the population. We have seen that the ancient Celtic tribes were a Xanthous race. Such, likewise, were the Saxons, Danes, and Normans: the Caledonians also and the Gael were fair and yellow-haired. Not so

the mixed descendants of all these blue-eyed tribes."

Thus writes Dr. Prichard, one of the latest and most accurate inquirers into *The Natural History of Man*; yet now it is fashionable to call every dark-haired man, a Celt: and every fair-haired man, a Saxon: and yet, with wondrous consistency, to call the Irish and Scotch Celts, and the English Saxons, in face of the facts open to the eyes of all, that a large portion of the Irish and Scotch are fair-haired, and a large portion of the English dark-haired: we need, in truth, to go no further in order to detect and make manifest the perfect inaccuracy which obtains in the application of these names, yea, the immense contrariety of opinion which this use of them indicates. For myself I disavow, in the clearest and most emphatic terms, all connection with long-established theories. I have to do not with theories but with facts. I look at men as they are; and in doing so, and in describing men as they are, rather than as our writers upon race tell us they ought to be, I hope to do something towards banishing from the political world, names which, as now applied, are productive only of confusion and mischief.

If, however, common sense is to be blotted out, and old theories, which facts have long since shown

to be false, are to be stereotyped, we shall be forced, in a few years, to listen to the old and oft-repeated story of the wonderful progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, as receiving its last illustration in Australia ; and men, forgetful of the shoal of Shetland mothers, and the many thousands of Irish too—the wonderful population of nations—that have been sent out as “irreclaimable” Celts to give birth to reclaimable Saxons, will pour into the ears of our children such nonsense as is even now tolerated only because it has become venerable by age, until some antiquarian discovers the pot-hooks, and hangers, and cross-sticks, of the ancient Celt, or the curiosity of some thoughtful wanderer is awakened by the mournful notes of the Highland pipe. But not even then will the illusion pass away, but the puzzled Australasians will be gathered by some learned lecturer, furnished for his task by a few of those profound treatises which the press of our own day is constantly sending forth to feed, even to repletion, Saxon pride, and will have facts explained away to the satisfaction of the lecturer, if not to theirs ; though, perchance, another less trammelled by system, and taking as his text a wire from the harp of Erin, may descend in that universal language of a heart-breathing people—a language which, because it expresses the deep feeling of

living souls, is ever embodied in notes of music—and tell how the fathers of his auditors were wont thus to express themselves, accompanied by the rude instruments of which an interesting relic would then be before their eyes.

The Celtic origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of Scotland is proved by the names of places and rivulets clearly of Gaelic origin; and yet further by the architectural ruins with their traditions handed down from father to son, around which are thrown the charms and the spells of a by-gone superstition, and with which are mingled the marvellous stories which tell how, as early as the year 910, the brave Celt attacked and plundered the Norwegians on their own shores. And yet we are now required to believe that the Saxon is the only sailor, whilst from the pages of history, if upon the records of the past we are permitted to place any reliance, we learn that the Greeks resemble, in their tastes and feelings, the Celtic tribes, and both were and are extremely good sailors. The Norwegians, under King Harold, the fair-haired, eventually overcame the Scotch, and thus the north of Britain was governed by a Scandinavian race until the year 1330, when the Norwegian rule passed away.

But, regardless of dominant opinions, and indifferent to the fate of theories, I have but to de-

scribe the two races, that of the *dark-eyed* Highland Celt and that of the *blue-eyed* Lowland Saxon; and here I hesitate not to give the preference to the former. Let every one, indeed, whose vision is not bedimmed by prejudice, compare the excessive fairness in the sandy hue of skin and hair, the unrelieved lightness in the eye, and the extreme roundness of head and face of this Saxon, with the rosy-complexioned and soft peach-like skin of that oval-headed, oval-faced, and black-haired Celt, and he must assign the palm to the Highland Celt, and that without sawing through this marble for some peculiar vein of which none but our modern Ethnologists know the characteristics.

The Highland Celt, moreover, is all poetry and music, while the Lowland Saxon can neither send forth himself the notes which charm, nor appreciate the music with which nature herself has provided us, in the soft warblings of the awakening lark. What muse shall tell the cause?

THE CELT IN WALES.

Come with me now into Wales, and for a while let us linger within the walls of some castle whose ruins yet stand in majestic grandeur, though six hundred generations of men, whose eyes have gazed

upon them, have passed away, and whose moat is still its protective guard, though slumbering echoes have well nigh forgotten the bugle-note which of old was often borne across it from the well-manned ramparts. Here Norman refinement was introduced in the 11th century, and here, in the 12th century, the voice of the Crusaders sounded. But hark! The strains of music are still here—the plaintive, oft-thrilling, but never-dying note, which delighted chiefs long since gathered to their fathers. As we listen, our very heart-strings vibrate in response, while the fresh joys of youth steal in upon us, and we fall back in thought on the epic and lyric poetry of the classic Greek. Even while the prose and poetry of the Welsh are passing from the mind, reason unenlightened and the judgment uninformed, the heart is touched and the passions are stirred, and, amid an overflow of feeling, we find ourselves again within the portcullis, gazing in mute admiration upon the traces of the original Briton, called alike by ancient and modern authors—Celt.

Going now amidst the busy scenes of active life, we find abundant traces of a Celtic race. The Celtic head and face, modified into many shapes, but without having altogether lost their distinctive expression, meet us at almost every turn. Here is

one with a narrow, high forehead, and small, quick eye, of an extremely excitable temperament, endowed with a natural facility to learn and communicate knowledge. There is another who has great breadth of forehead—the ordinary sign of intelligence—yet in this case not so, for the upper and lateral parts of the head are not well formed. The ideas appear deep, so deep indeed that, in all probability, the owner himself cannot reach them. This person, of the melancholic temperament, is generous in his ordinary mood, but a savage when provoked to anger. In a third, both dispositions are united into pride and cunning.

The inhabitants of North and South Wales differ in many respects from each other. Among them you will find a good sprinkling from the Anglo-Norman, Anglo-Irish, and Anglo-Saxon, and I may remark, generally, that wherever we meet with Roman remains, we may also notice traces of Ancient Rome in the features and manners of the present race.

The Cimbri of Wales, or the Belgic Britons of Cæsar, notwithstanding their pure Celtic or aboriginal blood, are in general a fine and noble-minded people, warlike, yet religious, enthusiastic, musical, and romantic. Their history, prior to the Roman occupation, is buried in obscurity, and is

somewhat like to their interminable ancestry, except that chivalric law which protected the harp, the book, and the horse, of every free-born Cimbrian from debt.

Villemarqué attributes an Asiatic origin to the Welsh. The general character of their poetry is that it is almost constantly in tears. Hence the name of *lay* or plaint which men gave it in the middle ages. Hence, too, *Briton Lay*, so celebrated by all the old French and Anglo-Norman poets. The profound melancholy which it breathes is accompanied by a sort of majestic and solemn wildness, which recalls the East and makes us think of the Asiatic origin of the Cimbri-Britons.

The female costume looks well on a pretty girl, but not otherwise. That coquettish hat and little cap suit well the smirking face, the roguish eye, the rosy cheek, and the inviting lip, all eloquent of careless, happy youth. How lightly she trips up that hill! I see her ankle; it is beautiful; and now I know why she wears so short a petticoat.

The *dark Celtic race* are more marked in Wales than in any other portion of the United Kingdom. We find them scattered in small handfuls here and there throughout the hills and valleys; isolated and estranged, as it were, from the adjoining world. His features, however, are getting an Egyptian

cast, and dwindling into an unpleasant, crabbed look. In some the eyes are too far apart; in others they approach too near. The cheek-bones have become high and the lower jaw protrudes; his growth is stunted. Altogether, the old race is deteriorating for want of the infusion of new blood. We must, therefore, destroy his *isolation* by tunnelling his hills and passing railroads through his valleys. We must re-ignite the true Briton's fierce boldness of heart, bring back his strength of mind, and restore his muscularity of body. We must invite the wealthy English, the wary Scotch, and the brave Irish, to develop his resources of mind, of body, and of land. Our entry now must be one of peace. Mutual prejudice must be cast aside, weakness must be borne with, and thus a "balance of power" at home will be produced along with advancing integrity and independence, and the result of all will be to elevate and to make happy the former followers of David.

"For true nobility of state is not in gold or land,
But in the well-condition'd frame that makes the mind
expand:

That makes it fit God's glorious ways to see, and ably scan,
And feel a joy to aid on earth the benefit of man.

This is nobility, and more, 'tis earth's true greatness this,
The sov'reign hand, the mitred toe, mankind must learn to
kiss.

"To procreate them though, like this, 'tis needful there
should be

Those pure, combining elements that make man strong and
free;

And had he not his prescience lost, and energy of mind,
He'd well have seen in whom these aids were happily com-
bined

To suit his own ; *but now he chooses for the wedded state
From int'rest, passion, whim, or e'en submits it all to Fate.*
Thus man, the image of the God that made his shell of
fragile clay,

In mind and form more feeble gets, as down life's rugged
way

He glides, and never sees the balm that will assuage his woe
And pain, must in himself originate on earth below."

Great beyond expression would be the calamity, were the Cimbri of Wales to fall back into the habits of their brothers, the Bretons of Brittany, without the Bible law, that living fountain of fixed and elevating principle. The Bretons have all the Druidical ways of priestly superstition, with that type of slavery, the Confessional. It is painful to read the present history of this French province, wallowing, as it is, in poverty and its accompanying miseries of filth and immorality, exhibiting as you gaze upon it the tears of oppressed yet struggling Italy, and of fast-departing Spain. But the Briton must not and shall not fall back into his savage dress of skin and wooden shoes. His flag is every-

where unfurled for the destruction of slavery. Even as I write, England's fleets are braving the billows of the Baltic and Black Seas, and her army shrinks not from the malaria of the Dobrodja, to check the march of Russian despotism, and to extend the blessings of equal law, of justice, and freedom, and (God grant it) of Gospel truth ; for

“He is a freeman whom the *truth* makes free,
And all are slaves besides.”

THE CELT IN IRELAND.

Now that my chapter is headed, my pen in my hand, and the ink prepared to flow, thoughts rush in upon my mind which make my task a difficult one. The true children of Erin, standing within their own rich vales, or looking from their hills upon the foaming billows which impotently dash themselves against the bold and rocky coast, ask to be known and distinguished simply as Irish. To them Celt and Saxon are alike foreign names. For Celts and Saxons they look abroad. Within their own island home they find everything to remind them of an ancestry having characteristics of their own. Whether they visit their stately tombs, gaze upon their immense monuments, or

examine the pages of their literature, they see nothing to awaken the desire of claiming kindred to any other race. They are satisfied with their own. And, in truth, whether we study the characteristics of the old Irish race as they have been depicted upon canvas or chiselled in stone, or, as we have them, even more satisfactorily, exhibited in the human skeletons which the disturbed sepulchre is ever and anon yielding to us, we gaze on something which to the uninitiated is startling. If we stand beside the rifled tomb, we look not only on bones of a larger size than those which constitute the frame-work of Erin's living children, but upon skulls of the most perfect formation, and bearing not a single trace of resemblance to the present Celt or Saxon. If we place ourselves before the canvas, we mark at once the profusion of soft and flowing hair; the large, expressive, and spiritually-speaking eye; the straight nose with its square termination, and the finely-chiselled nostril, remarkably indicative of great forethought and steady reflection. Nor is this race extinct. Specimens of it, combining a hero's dignity with a peasant's simplicity, may even yet be seen standing erect on the brow of some storm-beaten rock, or by the pass of some forsaken glen, musing both upon the past and the future; upon the past with delight,

upon the future with despondency. His proud yet subdued spirit gives to his tall and powerful figure a haughty bearing. Yet speak to him; he is as gentle as a child. His soft *brogue* issues, with great richness, from his well-formed mouth; his teeth and lips are matchless, and his skin has a fineness and freshness, with a delicate transparency and great elastic softness, as fresh as the morning of life. He is a lion at heart. Women adore him for his bravery. His courage leads him now to the cannon's mouth, and now to the eagle's nest. His great soul sees no danger and knows no fear. His look proclaims that his purpose is to conquer. When such are his characteristics, I need scarcely add, that the deeds of his race have formed a brilliant page in the history of Europe, a page which no *press* can change or obliterate, and a page which exhibits his spotless name ever associated with honourable deeds. But I have not yet done with his physical peculiarities. His chest is covered with hair (I mention it as an almost national characteristic, when compared with the majority of Englishmen); it is well-squared and muscular, almost to his sinewy loins, which are of great mobility. Mentally he possesses natural genius for useful accomplishments; his conception is brilliant, and his uneducated thoughts appear to

spring as wild branches from the profound learning of his passing race.

But I must ask another moment, while I depict another of the same peculiar race which I have met in my wanderings through Ireland. My present specimen is a member of the softer sex. She has lovely, rich, dark-brown hair with a golden tinge—the rich, but rarely seen, auburn; the skin is soft, fair, and beautiful; the thinking forehead forms almost a line with the straight, mild nose; the mouth, lips, and chin are exquisite; the teeth are white and well-set; and then the expressive, soft, dark eye contains so much of honest love, it really speaks. The whole countenance is expanded and open, and over all its parts harmony reigns. The back of the head droops gracefully. The elastic chest is softly rounded. The abdomen is not too full, while the expanded haunches, running fine to the knee, again expand, and then taper into a chiselled ankle and foot, which, although belonging to an Irish peasant girl, may well be held to rival that of the *Venus de Medici*. Alas! that this lovely specimen of womankind should nearly always fall a victim to pulmonary consumption.

The man is equally well-proportioned. He has the oval head and face, fine wide chest, straight forehead and limbs. How intellectual he looks.

Of this same family there is a fair man and woman with similar conformation, differing only in the blue eye and fair hair.*

Occasionally you will meet this race, of Spartan simplicity, doing penance on some holy island, performing a weary pilgrimage on the bare knee, or travelling the rough pathway on the toilsome crag of some holy well.†

The numerous races in Ireland are proverbial. Traces of foreign visitors are visible everywhere. What energy of research, what ingenuity of conjecture, what systematic questioning both of history and tradition, have been expended upon those round towers for which an origin as remote as that of the Egyptian pyramids has been claimed; and yet how deep the mystery in which they are still enshrouded ! Nor less mysterious is the origin of those Chinese

* St. Kevin's Kathleen had "eyes of most unholy blue." And who that has ever seen has forgotten the beauty of King Cormac's "Fair Eithne" ?

† The "well-worship" of Ireland is Phœnician ; at least, it is traced back, through their commercial intercourse to the mountains of Lebanon and the shade of the Cedar. And even yet there is pointed out, the Hiberno-Phœnician race, with a Jewish eye, and a nose of the Romano-Greek formation, accompanied by a mercantile shrewdness of mind, from the top of the Mediterranean, from Tyre and Sidon, on the borders of the Holy Land.

seals, with their inscribed Chinese proverbs, which have been dug up in various parts of southern Ireland. But without attempting to dispel those clouds of mystery, is there anything to forbid our regarding some, at least, of those antiquities as exhibiting links of a chain which at some time connected Ireland with the East?

The Phœnicians visited Ireland long before the Romans, and by them the element of civilization, which the Romans diffused throughout Syria, and particularly through Antioch, may have been transplanted into Ireland. And who can tell but that the engineers who built the wall at Antioch, and threw the arches across the ravine and along the range of precipices, may have been the architects, directly or indirectly, of the old Irish Square Castles and Towers and city walls? * But I am somewhat forgetting the subject of my present chapter.

* The Irish Ecclesiastical School of Art, borne on the wings of the faithful, passed not only to the British Isles, but found its way, through the mental and corporeal vigour of the Irish missionaries, to every part of Europe; so that the Byzantine Art of the Irish Church of the fifth and sixth centuries, as well as the Norman style of the tenth and eleventh, spread their perfections with the genius and energy of the men. In the seventh century Ireland was celebrated, throughout all the then civilized world, for its illuminated books, and a style in statues, pictures, speeches and lays, the natural and beautiful

To meet with the Celt of Ireland we must travel into the mountain districts in search of the dark-haired race, and we must track our course along the various windings and the strange and intricate turnings of the Bog of Allen, and ask there for a Xanthous people. But stay! there is another mode of introducing my reader to the mountain race, with which I wish to make him acquainted. Let him come with me to the annual *Puck* Fair held at Killorglin, near the Bay of Dingle. The mountaineers will be there.

At this fair a goat is fantastically dressed. Every one laughs at its playfulness, leaping, jumping, and *pucking* right and left. At one instant it carries dismay mingled with delight among a crowd of children, overturning some and putting others to a precipitate flight; at the next, it is in the midst of the wild ponies, droves of which have been hunted down from the Kerry mountains, and which, undisciplined and unaltered, now disperse themselves right and left and carry confusion everywhere. But in the midst of all this wild disorder of revelry and noise stand the so-called

offspring of minds indigenous to Ireland, for the beauty of whose conceptions and the wisdom of whose thoughts, we need only appeal to the few specimens now to be seen in the Byzantine Court of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Celts of Ireland, queer boys, with open mouths, fresh from the hills. Surprise is marked on every feature, yet they are full of wit and humour, and have at all times ready for use a never-failing *repartee*. Their make is slight and delicate, but they are quite as hardy as their ponies. We can trace them back to the island and harbour of Valentia; and throughout that wildly beautiful and romantic country which is bounded by the lakes and streamlets, from Killarney to the Bays of Dingle and Kenmare, they are believed to be the old Spanish, or, as they are called, the Milesian race.

About Connemara the dark Celtic Milesian or Spanish race are met with, as previously described, in the INTRODUCTION, by my cousin, Dr. Tuthill. They are active and hardy mountaineers, agile as the stag, yet as firmly built as their well-quartered cobs. Than these I know no nearer approach to what men now understand as Celts.

"The Irish," says Camden, "are warlike, witty, and remarkable for the just proportion of their limbs. Their muscles are so supple, that the agility which they possess is incredible." Further on, the ancient English historian tells us: "The whole nation of the Irish are strong in their persons, peculiarly active, possessing a brave and

elevated mind, sharp in their intellects, and warlike. Life is not regarded in their propensities: labour, cold, and hunger, are overlooked: their passions are strong in love: they are hospitable to strangers, *sincere in their attachments*, and in their quarrels implacable: too credulous, greedy of glory, they will resist insult and injustice, and are most ardent in all their acts."

Goode wrote in the 16th century, on his return to England after a residence of some years in Ireland:—"The Irish are a nation to be praised for their strength, and particularly for the activity of their bodies; for a greatness of soul. They are witty and warlike; prodigal of life; hardy in bearing fatigue, cold, and hunger; courteous and kind to strangers; *constant in their love*; hating also, seldom forgiving, too credulous, greedy of glory, and quick to resist injuries and insults."

Many of the greatest men in the Austrian army have received their first inspiration in Ireland, and if England can boast of an Irish Wellington, honoured bearer of a Field Marshal's baton, Austria can recount the deeds of an Irish Brady, a Field Marshal too; both countries having admitted to the highest military rank a son of Erin. Brady exhibited the chieftain characteristics of the kings of Thomond; Wellington, the inflexible qualities of

the Northern O'Neils. I have been told, when passing through Larne Glen, that a few miles off, on the very rock on which Carrickfergus Castle stands, the Irish sea, as though the strokes of its waves had been directed by an unseen hand, has chiselled in the beaten stone the rough outline of the rugged features of the Iron Duke. But, in truth, notwithstanding all that has been said and written about Wellington's English and Irish descent,* all must bow to his Roman aspect and iron mould. Let him rest with Cæsar, with Nelson, with Napoleon, and other warlike *Titans*.

Another class of individuals called the Celts of Ireland, may be found about the "fisheries," and along the whole range of the Bog of Allen. But this race is not dark. Take a specimen, and you will find him more like the same race from the Lincoln marshes, and the Cambridge fens. He has the

* "Hark ! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
 Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
 His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
 And moves to death with military glee :
 Boast, Erin, boast them ! tameless, frank, and free,
 In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
 Rough nature's children, humorous as she :
 And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
 Of thy bold harp, Green Isle !—that Hero is thine own."

Vision of Don Roderick.

thick-set build, the weighty shoulder, the heavy hand and foot. The head and face are both round and of the bullet-headed Saxon character. The hair is sandy and scanty, with difficulty encouraged into the side-face embellishments of whiskers. The forehead is strong, firm and well-rounded. The nose is so short and snubbed that one could almost fancy him a recent importation from the Celestial Empire. The upper lip is remarkably long, the mouth wide, with projecting teeth, the chin short, but wide and firmly squared. In other words, take one of this same race in England, put the *caubeen* on his head, the *dudeen* in his mouth, the *shillelah* in his hand, and then throw into his eye the fire which a glass or two of *potheen* will speedily kindle, and you have before you a genuine Pat, the exact counterpart of the one raised on Irish soil in every particular save one,—he is a Paddy in England without ever having crossed the Channel. *Punch* may ask him to sit for his likeness to form a leading feature in a “Donnybrooke scrimmage.”*

*The Englishman who wishes to know his own mixed race in Ireland, should go over and walk through each county—talk to his own people—think on the Irish soldier—the great warrior fighting for the British Crown, England’s glory. Then in your wanderings by some lonely church, behold the hero of India standing o’er his father’s grave, his head drooped, the tears falling: now he stoops to plant the

The Flesk river, flowing in its rapid and tortuous course over rocks and plains, is also said to have on its banks a Celtic population, strongly attached to their rocky mountains. Their characteristics have been given thus,—“The modern Glenfleskean is generally a quiet, hardworking, honest, and inoffensive member of society, sobered down to habits of peaceful industry, preserving only the memory of his old mode of life, its dangers, and its spirit-stirring vicissitudes; and content by honest toil to seek to retain the means of existence which his ancestors sought by the strong hand, and despised it if not so obtained.” Californian civilization, or Saxon gold, will ere long make this pure Celt a very fine Saxon, and perhaps give him time to bring

weeping ash or willow! Allow me to compare this man's head and foot. The proportions are perfect. And let me endeavour to prove the great relation which exists between the faculties and the organization. Compare his well-formed tarsus or heel, with his well-formed occipital bone. The metatarsus, or instep, is linked with the parietal region, and with the phalanges, or toes, comes the frontal bone, their length and delicacy showing the height and smoothness of the forehead; the well-arched sole, formed of the astragalus navicular, and cuboid, and their elastic ligament, forms a comparison with his firmness, veneration, and benevolence, those faultless arches, covering a well involuted and convoluted brain. And as in this man the beauty of the ancle runs with that of the cheek, we may place the maleus and malar bones side by side.

back to his memory the lofty ideas and solid learning of his ancestors—the pious counsellors of Alfred the Great—the teachers of real philosophy and metaphysical wisdom—the deep and earnest thinkers who trod the path of inductive reasoning—the discoverers and cultivators of the useful and the beautiful—utilitarians for the soul first, and secondly for the body—the very antipodes, morally and spiritually, of our modern thirsters after gold, who by offering the sordid as the price of the spiritual, and seeking to purchase immaterial glory with material wealth, rob man of the attributes which link him to his God. *

According to *The Times* the whole of Munster is Celtic. But is it so? If, indeed, tall athletic frames, with beautiful outline, exquisite manners, a flowing rhetoric—the wealth and power of eloquence—and the most pleasing elocution, constitute that race which, in the opinion of *The Times*, is so miserable and degraded, then, no doubt, you have Celts here in abundance. Sir Francis Head, who, by the way, in a part of his *Irish Tour* has taken “the right bull by the horns,” gives us the height of the men in the Irish Constabulary. The total force he puts down at 12,501. Divided according to their height they stand classed thus :—

* *Vide* Appendix (3), Lady Chatterton's Notes.

23 men measured 6 feet 3 inches and upwards.

161	"	6	"	2	"	"
506	"	6	"	1	"	"
1104	"	6	"	0	"	"
1794	"	5	"	11	"	"
2921	"	5	"	10	"	"
4474	"	5	"	9	"	"
1518	"	5	"	8	"	"

Will our modern Ethnological Theorists tell me what to call those twelve thousand five hundred men? Are they Celts? What then, are their own theories?

While referring to Sir Francis, let me mention, that he adduces the strongest testimony to the innate virtue, the startling beauty, and the bewitching simplicity of the Irish peasant girl; and having passed along the same route in the year 1844 when the population was far more numerous, I can appreciate, as I do very highly, his notes on the West. The "Connaught-rangers" are, in general, fine stalwart men who have ever formed a valuable force for foreign service—"The mighty in war; the true *Jung Bahadoor*." *

* After the introduction of the Nepaulese Prince, *Jung Bahadoor*, to Lord Gough, "What is meant by *Jung Bahadoor*?" asked the hero of Chillianwalla and Guzerat.

"*The mighty in war*, my Lord," was the reply of the interpreter.

The Irish, in fact, are an essentially different race from that described in *The Times*, unless by the Irish be meant the roadside wanderers and gipsy tribes from the bogs of Ireland, of whom the recollection of every English tourist can supply specimens. But the able-bodied labourer is a very different man. He is not "the idle fellow" which English tongues pronounce him to be. True, he is working under a yoke which is all the more galling because, in the body compelled to wear it, there is an aspiring spirit which will soar if it were only to prove that it is chained. But take him from that atmosphere of never-ceasing agitation; remove from him that bane of a superstitious religion which is crippling his mind—the grandest and noblest of God's earthly gifts; restore to him that pure form of Christianity—that *ancient faith*—which existed in Ireland ere Pope Adrian the Fourth, by birth an Englishman, aided by Henry the Second of England, imposed upon it the novelties of tradition; give him 'an Englishman's advantages, and he will give you an Englishman's regard. Look

"And a very good name, too, for a brave man like his Highness," observed Lord Gough.

"Tell the General," said the Nepaulese Chieftain, "that my name is the result of the accident of my birth—it is my *Nuseeb*. His Lordship is the true *Jung Bahadoor*, for he has *earned* the title."

at him in America, removed from the trammels at which I have only hinted, and you see a well-dressed, clean, sober, industrious, and honest man, *honestly remunerated for his labour*, well worked but well fed, thoroughly independent yet thoroughly Irish. You see that his head in its clearness, and his heart in its gentleness, are both at work, as, in mournful thoughtfulness over the condition of his distressed family and friends in the "old country," he labours on, collecting the means for bringing his loved ones from a land of mental oppression and bodily suffering to one of independence and plenty. And thus it is that the "new country" is rising higher and yet higher through the metaphysical blunderings, and the political mismanagement, of men who would be statesmen, but who have yet to learn that statesmen, like philosophers, must be patient collectors of facts, careful and humble-minded observers of men and things.* Already there exists

*The last parliamentary return of the census shows that the population of Ireland has fallen off 2,000,000 in the past five years. In the year 1805, the population was over 5,000,000; in 1814, 6,000,000; in 1824, 7,000,000; in 1837, 8,000,000; in 1846, 8,386,940; and in 1851, only 6,551,976; and now in this year (1855) it has probably come down to the original 5,000,000. The Irish labourers in America have, within these last two years, transmitted *one million and a half* through Irish bankers for the purpose of bringing out their families and friends.

so great a deficiency in the labour market, that, in some parts of Ireland, only women can be obtained for agricultural pursuits. What wonder then, that the War Minister should be compelled to look abroad for men who must be had to fill the ranks which are thinned by the sword, by pestilence, and, I might almost add (alas ! that it should be so), by famine ?

“ He is a worm

That eateth out all the happiness of kingdoms.”

THE SAXON: IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IN IRELAND.

THE SAXON IN GREAT BRITAIN.

LORD BYRON remarked on the English Hyperides, that

“ Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.”

If nations be formed *as* nations, the like may be affirmed of the British Empire, which, like Sheridan, has “shook the nations through her lips,” and made “the vanquished senators tremble.” Her resources, both in mind and matter, are exhaustless, and, confident in her own power, she allows that liberty of thought which she herself uses and enjoys, while she steadily presses on in the upward path of prosperity.

The English mind has a reserve and a resolve peculiarly its own, an idiosyncrasy nowhere else to

be found, but which he who claims it as his own, carries with him into every nation of Europe and every quarter of the world. Nothing can shake his independent thought and revolutionary heart. He loves and proclaims "Liberty," but this is the only quality he shares with his present ally of France. "Equality and Fraternity" are with him a sham, the dream of minds which live in a world shaped by their own desires, instead of that actually-existing earth, to whose stern realities all must bow themselves. Like the Dane, he Daguerreotypes his impressions, ideas, and habits, on every shore, and leaves them in unerring lines on every beach. He is a perfect Dutchman in dogmatism, and where he cannot produce results by his powerful will and political fiat, he puts his Flemish shoulder, aided by his Norman courage, to the wheel, and thus directly and indirectly he acts and conquers in action. He is altogether a great man—the father of our Empire. Let us respect and love him, and call him by his foible,—THE SAXON.

The last of the dear old man's progeny, which was once both numerous and mighty, dwindled down into perfect insignificance in the forests of Yorkshire under the decaying generalship of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Little John. This was really the last of the Saxon tribe in England. True,

the Saxon, like the Roman, diffused his blood for a few centuries among our people, and, like the Roman, too, left his virtues and his vices behind him, out of which the Norman formed the type of the present race.

If I take you—you the Saxon—to your fatherland on the Rhine, you will find yourself there a foreigner, for you have no sympathy with bewildering stories, tales, and traditions, without end—the Gothic ghost-mythology, including songs, the offspring of Celtic minds, verses which no Saxon could compose, and traditions on Air Castles, which, to the real English mind, are as unsatisfying as the marvels of the Middle Age. But,

“Earth hath its bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them.”

Casting aside the apocryphal history of England, and the fragmentary details of uncertain value, I shall endeavour, when compelled to go beyond the sphere of my own personal observation, to restrict myself to evidence which appears to me trustworthy.

The Briton is more Dane than German; his Anglo-British blood is more abundant than his Anglo-Saxon. “The southern Germans are a lively, enthusiastic, life-enjoying people, compared to the

northern people of the same race. They are as different in temperament, character, and habits, as the French and English." *

This quotation is from a practical writer, one who has written from personal observation, and not from theory or tradition. Again, he remarks on his own countrymen,

"Much of the practical, energetic, and good elements in the English character, is inherited from our Scandinavian, not from our German, ancestors—at least now, in their posterity, the similarity in mind, as expressed in the modes of thinking and acting, is much greater between the English and Danish, than between the English and German people." "Denmark is a country peculiarly interesting to the English traveller. It was the home of his forefathers. The three tribes who invaded England in the fifth century, the Juti, Angli, and Frisi, of the venerable Bede, came unquestionably from the districts of Denmark, still called Jutland, Angeln, and Friesland, on the Eyder. Whether he favours the theory of a German origin of this people, or of a Scandinavian distinct from the German; whether he calls them Anglo-Saxons or

* Observations on the Social and Political State of Denmark, and the Duchies of Schleswick and Holstein. By Samuel Laing, Esq.

Scandinavians; he must come to the conclusion, from the historical fact of the invasion itself, that in the fifth century, they were in a very different social state and stage of civilization from the inland inhabitants of Germany, who had no access to, or pursuits on, the ocean, and who, in their ordinary way of living, had no occasion or opportunity to acquire and exercise the numerous arts and trades connected with ship-building and navigation, even in the most rude and imperfect forms. Their habits, character, and social state, could not have been the same as those of the German people, because the circumstances which form these were naturally and essentially different. It is but a play of words to talk of them as the same people, because the name of Saxon was at a late period annexed to one of the three tribes of the invaders, who invaded England about forty years after the Romans had finally abandoned the island."

"It is a common observation, that the Englishman never, like the German or Frenchman, endeavours to make himself agreeable, sociable, and liked in a foreign country, never feels himself at home when abroad, but is always a cold, reserved, isolated being. This is true, yet—account for it if you can—no travelling or resident strangers of any other country, leave such deep and lasting impressions

upon society in the lands they visit, upon the ideas, tastes, habits, and usages of the people, as the English do. England seems destined to revolutionize all the old governments of the Continent. Our absentees, unknowingly and unintentionally, are the great incendiaries."

All through the page of history, the Danes are of a distinct race from the Saxons. It was only yesterday that they were, with many other kingdoms, jumbled, mumbled, and fumbled (I must really be permitted the use of these words, for none other can express so well the process) into a Saxon race. The Scotch and Irish have been twisted, after a like fashion, into a Celtic race, and the outlaws and fugitives who were collected by Rollo in Norway, and from the north-western islands of Scotland—a mixed company of Scotch and Irish banished pirates—men of desperate courage and intrepid bravery—launched on a frail bark as a marauding party, descended upon a northern province of France, seized the country, adapted it and its inhabitants to their purpose, gave it the name of Normandy as a record of their own northern origin, diffused new blood among Cæsar's Celts, and formed a mixed race of Norman-French. But mark their progress. Landing on our shores and achieving a victory at Hastings, these Highland

Scotch and Irish, these Scandinavian Northmen intermarried with French Celts, become veritable Saxons, as though the very contact with English soil could then effect in race a change as great—I say not as noble—as is now accomplished in social condition, when the man, erewhile a slave, stands erect and breathes freely, in the conscious dignity of a man. Fitz-Osborne, of canny Scotland, was then William's first and ablest adviser, whilst the Fitz-Maurices of the Orkneys, and the Fitz-Geralds of the Isle of Arran, proved themselves brave and adventurous sailors. Like the O'Neales and the O'Bryans, the O'Burkes and the O'Quins, like the red and the black Douglasses, these Northmen made themselves possessors of permanent power, as though inheriting the martial prowess of those mighty chieftains who, even in a remote age, could bring into the field their thirty or forty thousand horsemen.

What wonder, then, that we should see the same mind, with the same features and conformation, on the coast of the one country from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and on the coast of the other from Dieppe to Cherbourg, even as we see them on the opposing shores of the sister isles. The manly strength and startling feminine beauty of this race are as remarkable here and now, as they were in

William the Conqueror and his mother—the beautiful peasant girl of Falaise.

Along the Seine from Rouen to Havre, you may find, even at this hour, scattered here and there, men with the spirit of Rollo, and women breathing sighs like those which filled the virgin heart of Joan, that matchless maid of Orleans, whose spirit burned for the freedom of her country, and whose dark, deep-set, Celtic eye, with her soft, jet-black, flowing hair, her “heavenly voice,” and fervid piety, were in themselves enough to ensure victory for her friends, and defeat for her foes.

The fair-haired race with blue eyes, and a red-haired race with hazel eyes, are now to be met with in many parts of Wales. The Vale of Neath and the shore of Milford-Haven have this mixture, who, notwithstanding the absent, dark, restless eye, and raven locks, possess a history “as long as a Welsh pedigree.”

During and after the reign of William Rufus, 1090, Fitz-hainan, with other knights and men of the monastic order, settled throughout the Principality, but they were only sometimes *soldiers*, while they were always *fathers*,—the Cambro-British saints!

In the year 1102, King Henry the First bestowed several castles and lordships in Wales on Englishmen and Normans, and in order still fur-

ther to break the high spirit of the Cambrians, he introduced, in the year 1108, into Pembrokeshire, a numerous colony of Flemings, who, aided by the Normans, extended their territory and carried their arms as far as Llanstephan, a district which Camden calls "Little England beyond Wales." The Flemings of both sexes distinguished themselves by wearing a short cloak called *Gawr Wittle*. This colony produced a larger race than those in the adjoining counties, together with some distinct personal traits. In olden times, the Bays of Cardigan and Caernarvon formed a safe retreat for the Irish cruiser, and the Irish boys, having their battle-axe as usual ready to do any one a service, joined the once invincible Cambrians, and opposed the arms of Rome, Saxony, and Normandy, for more than eight centuries. So harassed, indeed, was the Anglo-Norman by the heroic courage and martial powers of the allied forces, that they were compelled to enclose Wales by one broad line of massy fortresses, from the mouth of the Dee to the embouchure of the Wye. Finally, English perseverance stole away county after county, and planted their military architecture—"the proud monuments of the Cambrian conqueror's footsteps"—as proofs of the new blood which had been diffused into the Ancient Briton. And now we see the Cambrian and the

conqueror, standing together side by side with an old enemy, all labouring with the Ancient Briton's spirit to defend the rights of Europe, and prevent the *pious* Autocrat, so lately orthodox, from carrying into effect his ardent wish of making a *St. Constantine* of the Turkish citadel, and thus to place a *Saint* on each side of his unwieldy empire.

The Britons differed in colour from the Celts in the time of Strabo, who declares that the Britons are taller than the Gauls, less yellow-haired, and more infirm and relaxed in their bodily fabric.

Nor is this change confined to the Britons and their descendants. The Germans have also varied in their complexion. In the towns of Germany, especially, the people are far from being red-haired or even a Xanthous race, and from the fact that this change has been developed chiefly in towns, we may infer that it depends, in part, on habit, and the way of living, and on food. Towns are much warmer and drier than the country, but even the open country is much warmer and drier than the morasses with which Germany was formerly covered. We must attribute the alteration in physical character, to the altered condition under which the present race of people live. The ancient Germans are said to have had universally yellow or red hair and blue eyes, in short, a strongly-marked Xan-

thous constitution. "This is now uncommon," says Niebuhr, "in most parts of Germany. The Chevalier Bunsen has often looked in vain for the auburn or golden locks and the light cerulean eyes of the old Germans, and never verified the picture given by the ancients of his countrymen, till he visited Scandinavia; there he found himself surrounded by the Germans of Tacitus." The physical character of the people has changed, would that our political thoughts had changed too, that we might view all men as our brothers, and thus be ever in the bonds of brotherhood, exhibiting, at least in our United Kingdom, a united people, "zealous of good works," our minds progressively enriched with the constantly-accumulating treasures of experience.

Sir Walter Scott has described, in his various writings, the many fine and coarse points that have shown themselves in the growth of his country. Tacitus viewed the Caledonian as springing from a German root, because of his "red hair and masculine form." Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, in his lectures on the Races of Men, views the *pure* Celtic race as irreclaimable, and the schemes devised for reclaiming the Highlands and Islands of Scotland as "all a sham." He regards the Saxon race as the only one really progressive; the Lowland Scotch with his brawny shoulders, wide nasal bones,

and well-marked individuality, as the great race. Surgeon McEltheran,* on the contrary, takes a view in every respect, the opposite of this. Between these extremes, I choose a middle course, believing, as I do, that the Saxon is as liable to a backward as to a forward movement. If, indeed, the spiritual be wholly dependent upon the material, and if the material be incapable of receiving impressions from the spiritual, I can understand the hopelessness which creeps over the mind, when some forms of degenerated materialism are contemplated; and equally can I understand the lofty confidence with which opposite forms are admiringly regarded. If, however, on the other hand, mind, even when resident in a body devoid of all attraction to the artistic eye, may be cultivated and its faculties be nourished into energetic action; and if a mind which has had assigned for its use a material form upon which the eye rests with pleasure, may, through neglect, subside into a condition like unto that into which even robust limbs, through want of use, may shrink—then the Saxon has no immunity which protects him from decline, the Celt is under no ban which forbids him to advance.

“A fool regardeth mind as the spiritual essence of matter,
And not rather matter as the gross accident of mind.”

* *Vide* Appendix (4).

THE SAXON IN IRELAND.

In a former chapter I remarked upon the Celtic origin of the name borne by England's metropolis. I have now to inform the uninitiated, that the chief city of Ireland received its name at the hand of a Danish Saxon Sea-king in the year of our Lord 838. But even more than in name is Dublin Saxon.

The Ostmen, or Danes, fortified Dublin and commanded its walls with a large army until the 23rd of April 1014, the day memorable for the victory over the Danes, achieved at Clontarf, by the Irish chieftains under the command of "Brian the Brave." In 1171, a large Danish army landed in the neighbourhood of Dublin, but were, as before, defeated; but now, by a united force of Irish Danes and English Normans, who, in the interval, had crossed the Channel and mingled with the Irish race. In the following year, 1172, Henry the Second visited Dublin and dispersed his Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman nobles throughout Ireland. The result was an improvement in physical characteristics on both sides.

The town of Wexford has formed an important link in connecting Ireland with the Saxon race. It was founded by a colony of Ostmen, or Danes, in the ninth century of our era. "It was here,"

as we are told, "that the slave-merchants assembled the serfs or slaves which they had purchased in England." "Here might be seen whole ranks of fine young men and beautiful women, exposed for sale in the slave-market on the hill. They were sold, in part, to the Irish nobles and herdsmen, while others fell to the share of foreign merchants, and were exhibited in the slave-marts of Rome and Florence."

The language anciently spoken by this colony at Wexford was Anglo-Saxon, the dialect bearing a close affinity to that formerly spoken in Kent. A writer of the present century has called the colony "the Flanders of Ireland." What a mixture, then, of the elements of Race have we here! a mixture the formidable results of which were exhibited, when, in 1798, the rebel chief advanced with his uncompromising authority and enthusiastic fortitude.

As early as in the first quarter of the seventh century, Cork is mentioned as a city so celebrated for the learning and piety of its scholars, that students flocked to its seminaries from all parts of Europe, and continued to do so to the close of the fourteenth century. In this way Cork won an European reputation, and gathered within its walls an European race. Here, too, the old Dane ob-

tained a footing, and, for no less a period than six hundred years, fought occasional battles with the Irish chiefs. The English also, desirous of obtaining a peep at Cove and the beautiful harbour, sought here a winter retreat. Hither also came Cromwell with his republican forces, his Ironsides ; so that the whole race in Cork became most thoroughly changed. And even after this, as if to perplex all future Ethnologists, the Stuarts arrived, followed rapidly by the Flemish forces of Billy of the Boyne. In Munster we find the relics of the Anglo-Norman Castle dating from the time when the " Chief of Eri with a crown on his brow," attended by princes, cheered on with shout and horn the stalwart Irish wolf-hound to the warfare of the deer.

" Wild mirth of the desert, fit pastime for kings,
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings ;
Oh ! reign of magnificence, banished for ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of the river."

The first stone bridge thrown across the Shannon was built by the Anglo-Normans. It was called Thomond Bridge, and formed a perfect level on fourteen arches, leading from the North Strand (*Danish* :—Nord Strand) to the Castle of King John. By the Normans, in the twelfth century,

wooden bridges were thrown across the same river. Moreover, the English town of Limerick bears a strong resemblance to Rouen in Normandy. The venerable cathedral, the narrow streets, and the lofty houses, chiefly built in the Dutch or Flemish fashion, must strike the eye of any one familiar with the characteristics of the two. If, at the time to which my thoughts are now reverting, a voyage to Ireland had been one of less difficulty, and facilities been afforded for the introduction of the large Flanders horse, a greater likeness would have been found in the customs of the people, and the team of large horses as well as the large waggon in which a Norman conveys his family and furniture, would have been as apparent as all the other landmarks. But the well-barrelled Norman horse would effect a greater improvement upon the Irish breed than the too heavy Flanders. The Norfolk Punch seems to occupy a midway position. To the Irish Agriculturist the English team would be of immense service. More economical, however, than the English farmer, yet more liberal than the Scotch, I doubt if he would fall into the unaccountable blunder of attaching to a plough *a string* of six or even of four horses, when two abreast would do all the work.

But I must not be tempted into a digression. I have to do, just now, with the family of the Dane

in Ireland—Dane by nature if not by name—a Saxon on the Elbe and the Eyder, but a Celt on the Liffey and the Lea; a Saxon in Moldavia and Wallachia, but a Celt in Monaghan and Westmeath; a Saxon in England, but a Celt in Ireland; for such are some of the absurdities into which writers upon Race, pursuing the well-beaten track of thought, would lead us, forgetful, or wishing to be forgetful, that swarms of Danes flocked into every part of Ireland, and were conspicuous in every period of her history; and we are even told that a Dane of the famous family of Finn Erin from Jutland, gave to all Ireland his own family name *Erin*. So now admitting a full belief in Anglo-Saxonism, we have but to say to Hiberno-Danish Erin,

“There needs but self-conquest
To conquer thy fate,
Believe in thy fortune,
And rise up elate.
A little voice whispers,
To *will* is to *be*,
‘First flower of the nations—
First gem of the sea.’”

The Danish Forts, scattered as they are throughout every county in Ireland, stand as a two-fold monument; the one, from their formation, are emblematical rings of the marriage, the other, sickening records of the fallen princes and palaces of

Tara. Let us come to closer records than these, when,

“The Danan foe in shining mail
Came on, proud Tara’s wall to scale.”

So early as the year 1174, Ireland was portioned out among the English, and it was then decreed, that any Irishman found wearing his kilt, and not the English apparel and knee-breeches,—“*it was lawful to take and kill those and cut off their heads.*” This was a fruitful source of murder to exterminate the Celt. In 1471, an act was passed, called “*the apparel and surname act,*” compelling the Irish to dress like the English, and to adopt their surnames. In 1641, there were 40,000 English protestants established in Ulster, and yet can men be so rapidly changed from Saxons into Celts? If so, this is transubstantiation in earnest.

Kerry, in the reign of Elizabeth, was depopulated of Irish, and, after the death of the Earl of Desmond, who was of English extraction, was re-peopled with settlers from England.

About 80 or 90 miles up the Shannon, the tourist reaches Clonmachnoire, with its sacred monuments crumbling over the remains of Ireland’s departed kings and heroes. And here, amid the ruins of temple and of tower, is the Saxon arch,

declared to be the finest specimen of its kind in the world *—a proof in itself that Ireland is not wholly Celtic.

King Brian chased the Danes several times along the shores and from the islands of the Shannon.

“River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portumna’s towers, Bunrattey’s regal walls,
Carrick’s stern rock, the Geraldine’s grey keep—
River of dark mementoes—must I close
My lips with Limerick’s wrongs—with Aughrim’s woes?”

Thrice, with its inhabitants, has the city of Waterford changed its name. Its first name was Cuan-na-Frioth, or, Haven of the Sun. Its second was Glean-na-Gleodth, or, Valley of Lamentation, the reference being to the tremendous conflict which here took place between the Irish and the Danes. By the old Irish it was called, from its shape, the Port of the Thigh. It was inhabited by Danes during Henry’s invasion, and an old Danish tower yet stands by the water’s edge, on the banks of the Suir, and is now used as a constabulary station.

As early as the year 962, the Danes penetrated

* “Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. By J. Stirling Coyne, and W. B. Bartlett, Esqrs. :” a work of great interest, from which I have made several extracts.

to Lock Erne and plundered the monastery on Devinish Island. Constantly was the Bay of Donegal their place of anchorage. Again and again did they return and form settlements on the enchanted islands of the west, scattering their names and their Danish mythology.

But, according to writers on Ethnology, the Dane ranks as the very best Saxon, possessor of the true blood, stiff, stout and sturdy, vigorous and warlike, without a single note of music, or an idea romantic. And this brave man has formed a mixed race in every part of Ireland. Forgive me, Son of Erin, if I prove you to be the real Saxon. In the days of *Repale*, when men of selfish minds sought to make an impassable gulf between islands which were made to be sisters, you would have felt yourself degraded had you thought that your veins carried one drop of the "Sassanach's" blood and even now, though I bring down the pilgrim saints as witnesses, you may refuse to believe me—for such, alas! is *nationality*—but strive to forget the cry raised only to sever and to weaken; and listen rather to words of truth, which heal and bind and strengthen.

Let us, then, examine the magnificent ruins of monastic Ireland, and her fine feudal remains. Let us pass the ancient fortress, and seek out the present Anglo-Hibernian race. All, indeed, can

be but touched ; a full examination would open up a field of inquiry far too extensive to allow a record of the results in these sketches.

About the middle of the seventh century, St. Colman built for the Saxons the abbey church of Mayo. In the beginning of the eighth century, the Church of the Pilgrims was erected by the Saxon, St. Gerald—proofs again that Ireland is not purely Celtic. And yet further, we learn from the Venerable Bede, that, at a very early period, the Saxons infested Ireland, whilst a considerable number of the pennies of Egbert (A.D. 801—887) have been found in Ireland—silent but important and trustworthy witnesses of the inter-communication which even then obtained between these islands. In connection with this subject, the following remarks of Dr. Petrie are well worthy of notice. He writes : “ The opinion relative to the origin of minted money in Ireland, which has been hitherto, as I may say, universally adopted by numismatists, is, that it originated with the Danes in the tenth or possibly in the ninth century ; and in this opinion, I confess, that I myself concurred, till my attention was more particularly drawn to the subject by the discovery of the pieces of bracteate money in the Round Tower of Kildare. I now, however, see considerable reason to doubt the

correctness of this opinion, and to believe that the Danes, far from being the introducers of minted money into this country, may, with greater probability, have themselves derived the art from the Irish, and not from the Anglo-Saxons, as generally supposed." Further on, the question is examined in detail, and evidence supplied, not only of the intercourse of the Irish with the Saxons, but also of the visits made to Ireland by men distinguished for their rank and their love of learning, for instruction in literature and the fine arts, for which the Irish, as well as the French, the Belgians, and the Germans, were celebrated. And yet, notwithstanding these early and frequent inter-communications, and consequent inter-marriages, we are to believe that the Irish are Celts and nothing but Celts !

The dumpy Dutch were, and to some extent still are, a people as distinct in Ireland as in England. Coming with their native good-humour and their chubby faces, they readily found a response in the warm-heartedness of the aboriginal Irish. Nor let it be forgotten, that the Dutch as well as the Danes, are the globular-headed Saxons, traced as they have been through the curiosities of nature, by means of their round heads and thick-set forms, their skulls rolling and tumbling amid

the ruins of abbey walls and the many sepulchres of the dead.

But, in truth, we find within the sea-girt shores of Ireland itself, distinctions as great as those which are presented by contrasting Kent and Kerry, Cumberland and Connaught, Cornwall and Cork; and even as there is contrast between the inhabitants of York and Devon, even so is there contrast between those of Ulster and Munster; and a contrast as great as, on the other hand, is the likeness which it is by no means difficult to trace between the "carrotty heads" of Hampshire and those of the county of Clare.

Before, however, closing the present chapter, I must again refer to that portion of Ireland's population, for which we may lack a name, or at least a name which shall be fully sanctioned by what we have already observed of the physical characteristics of Saxon and of Celt, but the existence of which cannot be denied—men upon whom we have but to look to satisfy ourselves, that close to our own shores and in part of our own consociated isles, there are to be found some of the noblest specimens of the human race. By introducing them here, I mean not to affirm that they are Saxons, but I deny that they are Celts, or if Celts they are Cæsar's Celts—Celts who have outlived the

changes before which men cast in a meaner mould have melted away. But, careless about their ethnological appellation, I am anxious only to establish the fact of their existence.

The skeleton of O'Brian, the "Irish giant," preserved in the Museum of the London College of Surgeons, measures eight feet four inches, and is very perfect in elegance of outline. I have myself seen, in the north of Ireland, a girl whose height, if I remember correctly, was seven feet two inches, whilst two of the most powerful and, in fact, two of the strongest, and, in every way, the most ably proportioned men, and bearing in features a brotherly likeness, were natives, the one of the Isle of Wight and the other of the province of Munster.

During Mr. Inglis' tour in Ireland he was witness to a regular *shillelah scrimmage* at the *pattern* on the top of the pass in the maamturc mountains, between the Joyces and the Connemara boys. After describing the ascent and the manner in which the lads and lasses beguile their time at the holy well with *pure potheen*, he goes on to say: "The Joyces are a magnificent race of men; the biggest, and stoutest, and tallest I have seen in Ireland, *eclipsing even the peasantry of the Tyrol*; and I believe, indeed, their claims on this head are universally admitted."

To the statements of Sir Francis Head, who brought to bear upon official documents a sound, practical, and discriminating mind, I have already referred. He is fully sustained in his facts by Dr. John Forbes, and I cannot but rejoice in finding in the observations of two such men a full corroboration of the views which a careful induction of facts has led me to form relative to the mental and physical character of the Irish; the more so as they stand in direct antagonism to the theories diligently put forth by by far the greater part of the press of this country. Dr. Forbes writes: "All travellers have been struck with the fine qualities of the constabulary force in Ireland. For my own part, looking at them in their mere physical aspect, I cannot help regarding them as the finest body of men, of equal number, ever brought together. They are, I believe, the picked men of Ireland, and being so, *I verily believe it scarce an exaggeration to say that they are also the picked men of mankind.* They are not merely all tall, well-grown, and muscular, but they are almost all (I really think, judging from my own observation, I might say all) well-knit, of fine carriage, and of handsome countenances. Most of them, to be sure, have the bloom of unsullied youth and health in their favour, which no ordinary regiment can be expected to

possess; but still, making all due allowance for this, their claims to superiority in the physical conditions mentioned, must, I think, be conceded. And all that we have heard of the general conduct of this body of men, would seem to entitle them to an almost equal praise for their moral qualities; at least, they have ever borne, and continue still to bear, the highest character for general good behaviour and efficiency in the performance of their important duties."

At the battle of Blenheim, the Irish Brigade alone drove back eleven battalions of Hanoverians, charging completely through their lines, and achieving a success almost as bold and brilliant as that which soon after attended upon the same powerful soldiers at Fontenoy. But the Irish are ever formidable when roused to action. In powers of endurance they resemble the Dane, and, like the Dane, they are resolute and dauntless.

Although little anxious to fix the correct ethnological appellation which of right belongs to this fine race, I think that in strictness, we ought to be content to admit its nationality, and to write it down as Irish. But who shall tell what elements are here mingled? New races are often engrafted upon an old stock, and the effect is that strong and healthful branches are sent forth. It would be an

investigation full of interest, had we only the means of carrying it to a successful result, to trace out the several agencies which have combined to produce special nationalities. In such an investigation we should assuredly learn many a lesson of humility ; we should be made to realize the wide-spread influence of the salutary law of dependance—the law which makes men more frequently receivers than givers ; and even more than this, we should be compelled to see a Hand scattering impartially its gifts—the Hand of a Father open to all the members of the one universal family, or closed only to the self-satisfied, and, therefore, the unaspiring.

THE MIXED RACE.

FROM the analysis which I have already made, it must have been manifest even to the most superficial reader, that no pure race exists in the British Isles. On the other hand, evidences of a mixture of the Celtic and the Saxon abound everywhere. This mixture is apparent even in families. I have observed, more particularly in Hampshire, the small, dark, Celtic mother, and the large, fair, Saxon father, produce children exhibiting their respective characteristic traits ; the one of the father, and the other of the mother. I have observed, moreover, in the county of Clare, a district which resembles Hampshire in having a race sandy both in hair and complexion, the offspring of two dark parents producing a family of children like their grandsires in the fairness of their skin and complexion, and remarkable for a profusion of light or flaxen hair.

This has been observed also by others, and that too, in cases where the virtue of the mother, like that of Cæsar's wife, has been above suspicion.

Within a very short period, 20 skeletons were discovered in Kent, and in close proximity with the bones, a number of Saxon antiquities. The skulls were described as "narrow across the head, and unusually long from the forehead." I once picked up, in South Wales, a skull most unusually long and narrow, the face being of equal length with the cranium. As I was taking the measurement of its several parts, the grave-digger remarked that from its great length, its owner must have been a lawyer. Now, must we call this latter skull, from its shape and locality, Celtic; and the former, the long Norman, Saxon? Or, are we to believe that in the one case Roman remains were mingled with Saxon antiquities?

Examples of the Saxon skull may yet be found among the various tombs of Ireland. Amid the beauties of the Boyne and the Blackwater, such skulls are dug up almost from day to day. Dr. Wilde has given us a number of woodcuts, copies of designs by artists, representing the remains of the round globular-headed race on the one hand, and of the long-headed race on the other, found in the sepulchres of Ireland. How varied are the

thoughts suggested by the turning up of a skull from the soil in which for years, if not for ages, it has been imbedded !

“ Observe this skull from out the scatter'd heaps ;
Is this a temple where a God may dwell ?
Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
Its chambers desolate and portals foul.
Yet this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul :
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passions hot that never brook'd control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ? ”

In the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin, are two casts ; the one taken from the head of Swift, the other from that of Stella. They are both long in outline, or what we anatomists more correctly call *oval*, connecting them with the intermediate and prevailing race. Stella's skull has the beautiful English outline, so indicative of reserved thought and female modesty. How her pure heart could have so adoringly clung to that unaccountable man, is to me a wonder. And yet, in the matter of the affections, woman is oft a riddle. Swift's skull has no firmness of outline. I know not where to place it. It forms no link in Cuvier's chain of creation. Even among the wits of France he

would stand in isolation. He was an Englishman, but not a Saxon.

The history of the Irish volunteers is unprecedented in the annals of nations, and as a metaphysical phenomenon proves distinctly that the Irish are not Celtic. That was no Celtic race of 150,000 organized men, armed and disciplined, forming in Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, a self-supporting army, perfectly independent of control save that of their own chosen chiefs. And yet notwithstanding all this liberty and perfect knowledge of their own power, they were loyal to their king and their nobles, and lived in harmony among themselves. These 150,000 volunteers sent 300 delegates to the Irish parliament. Two peers were at their head. The one a British peer, an Englishman, but at that time Bishop of the maiden city (Derry), formed a part of the national convention. He entered the metropolis of Ireland with the pomp and trappings of a king, with his cavalry escort beautifully caparisoned, and never did appear within the realm of Ireland so extraordinary a procession. Detachments from several of the volunteer corps of Dublin joined his Lordship's cavalcade. He never ceased making dignified obeisance to the multitude. His salutations were enthusiastically returned on every side. "Long

live the Bishop " * echoed from every window. Yet all was peace and harmony among the wild Irish of 1783.

The other Peer, the Earl of Charlemont, was an Irishman. He manifested "a cautious attachment to regularity and order, a sincere love for the people, a polished, courtly respect for the aristocracy." He was altogether what *The Times* would call "the type and model of an Englishman;" and yet he was a native of Ireland. How very strange does this passing analysis appear! How like the English peer to the Irish soldier! ready, with his learning, his fortune, and his life, to emancipate the Irish. On the other hand, how unlike a Celt, the moderate, calculating Irish peer! Observe, again, Burke and Pitt, two of the greatest statesmen our country ever saw; the one was deliberate and profound, and yet an Irishman; the other was brilliant, vivid, various, and yet, with these Celtic characteristics, an Englishman.

Or, yet again, take two other specimens. Wellington, born in Ireland, and by profession a soldier, and therefore by birth and calling doubly a Celt, in the modern acceptation of the term, was in his life and actions a Saxon, guided by one single principle—a sense of duty. Nelson, born in Eng-

* "Barrington's Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

land, and placed on the sea, and therefore, from birth and profession, a double Saxon, was in his life and actions a Celt; filled with a love of glory, a man of imagination and sentiment, his genius meteor-like. And yet our ears are still pained by constantly-reiterated allusions to those *two pure races!*

Lord Cockburn, after describing the "exquisite diction, beautiful articulation, good taste, and generous feeling," of Lord Jeffrey, as a public speaker, turns thus to the "burning vehemence" of Chalmers: "Brilliant and glowing as his written pages are, they are cold and dull compared with his spoken intensity. The rough, broken voice—the ungainly form—the awkward gesture—the broad, dingy face—gave little indication to what was beneath. But the capacious brow! and the soul! *mens agitat molem.*"

Here we have two men described, both from beyond the border, but how different! The one, a small and rather old-fashioned man, with a long face and delicate outline; the other, just as Cockburn describes Chalmers.

Listen now to Jeffrey's description of O'Connell: "He is a great artist. In my opinion, indisputably the greatest orator in the house; nervous, passionate, and without art or ornament; concise, intrepid, terrible; far more in the style of old

Demosthenic directness and vehemence than anything I have heard in this modern world ; yet, often coarse, and sometimes tiresome, as Demosthenes was too, though venturing far less, and going over far less ground." By the same pen, we are told that Stanley was "a magnificent, spirited, and most eloquent speaker." And yet how different the turn of these two men's talents ! how different their feelings and their forms ! Of the few men I have mentioned, two were much alike in the external and the internal. Chalmers and O'Connell were both great in body and in mind ; circumstances only were required to change the thoughts of both or either.

The "million-peopled city," the great metropolis of Europe, contains an Irish population equal to that of the metropolis of Ireland itself, even omitting absentee landlords and members of the two Houses of Parliament. All the manufacturing towns of England, as well as those of Scotland, contain a large admixture of population from Ireland. In other words, we find this element of race from the Irish stock extending itself all over the civilized world. Even New Zealand, that country which Christianity, in less than half-a-century, has raised out of the degradation of cannibalism, has its *Ulster* and *Munster*. Here, too, you may find

the *Tipperary*, or, if it please you better, the *Teutonic* element, giving origin to some real fighting, the combatants, however, being so far Saxon that, the affair being settled, they sit down to enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*, caring not a fig for the legion of honour, the cross, the star, or the garter, as marks of distinction for the skulls they have cracked. Give the *new Munster man* a bit of land, as much as he could surround with a bull's hide, and he will leave his Irish blood and his English language to work their own influence.

If, again, we look to the great continents of America, we see the Anglo-Irish element pushing, as it were, the world before it. An O'Reilly, encircling the earth and water by his telegraphic wires, and linking the frozen north to the burning south, has there made the lightnings the messengers of human thoughts. Or, if leaving the west, we visit eastern climes, we shall find another O accomplishing a true Saxon's impossibility, and planting a bamboo pole with its iron rod throughout our Indian settlements, regardless of the loaded elephant's path, or the high-piled cart of the bullock or the buffalo. O'Shaughnessy may yet mine beneath the walls of China, dive into the Pacific with a twisted cable, and form an oceanic union with his brother at home.

Returning, for a moment, to the metropolis of England, we may note the fact, that a portion of its inhabitants is made up of Anglo-French, who have given valuable aid in the introduction of new arts, sciences, and literature. Several families of French Protestants settled on the banks of the Thames after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes ; a circumstance which may account for many of the customs, and no small portion of those polite attentions which are so delightfully winning, which develop our finer feelings, and which draw forth into action that soft gentleness of soul which would otherwise retire within its own domain.

The Protestant refugees of France numbered, in England alone, 300,000 voluntary exiles, exceeding the Norman invasion in numbers, by 240,000, for the first Normans reckoned only 60,000. Even now we find their peculiar phrases, and their paternal names, translated into English. The Leroy's became Kings ; the Lemaîtres, Masters ; the Tonneliers, Coopers ; the Lejeunes, Youngs ; the Leblancs, Whites ; the Lenoirs, Blacks ; and the Loiseaus, Birds.* They endowed

*Mark Antony Lower has written a very amusing Essay on *English Family Nomenclature*. In it we find the Latinized surname :—the English knight, John Sharp becomes *Johannes Acutus* of Florence. The English Beauchamp becomes in Italy, *De Bello Campo*. Chambers becomes *De Camera*.

England with manufactures of silk, of calico, of linen, and of tapestry, besides giving their influence to the progress of science and literature, and advancing our military and diplomatic relations, until their descendants were finally amalgamated with the English in advancing Art and Agriculture, their hundred Westminster scholars became our play-fellows; and their 31 London churches are now, like the children, well nigh lost in our rapid growth.

The mixed element may be yet further traced in our language, as well as in our institutions.

Fitz-Patrick becomes *Filius Patricii*. The Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman names are very expressive: *Alfred*, all peace; *Bede*, a devout man; *Cuthbert*, he that prayeth; *Edward*, truth-keeper; *Frederick*, rich in peace; *Richard*, rich in heart. The annals of Normandy, and the "*Roll of Battle Abbey*," including names of great interest, together with the Domesday Book, afford mental food for the Antiquarian. The English Rebuses continue to this day, as we see them painted in the *Gin Palaces* of London, and on the coin of Cæsar; for his name signifies an Elephant. We thus have, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, local surnames, historical surnames, official surnames, and corruptions from foreign names, in which we may include the female pirates at home, not alone of our names, but every portion of our dress!

Heraldry, also, forms in itself a study of much interest; a knowledge of it permits the scholar to read each man's genealogy by his Cross and Crown, but sometimes he finds himself baffled by an unexpected change. One made politically, viz., *Massie* of Normandy, changed the spelling of

Often in the fossil history of words, a race may be traced out by means of a single name. When every other link and its connection has been lost, a name turned up by the resources of the historian links the present with the past well nigh as effectually as if the chain of events had never been broken. "King Brian the Brave," if this fossil history may be credited, had Britain named after himself and his race, Britons; and even yet, in Ireland, a brave man is called a Briton. The Irish were also the first who called the Anglos, Saxons;

his name, after he had adopted England as his country into Massey, and called the *Buffalo's head* in his coronet, a *Bull's head*, after Uncle John! This same English Massey sent his sons into Ireland; and they, desirous of following the old sire in his policy, and wishing to make Pat believe that he was the *utilitarian*, and that John was not, they omitted the English *e*, and became Irish *Massy*. They further persisted in calling their *Bull's head* after their Grandfather's *Buffalo's head*. If you observe, this was a policy without a change; for the Coronet, Crest, and Arms, stand the same; and the name has not lost its sound. It is still the same head and horns, call it Bull or Buffalo; and the name is *Massie* in Norman, *Massey* in English, and *Massy* in Irish; all three bear the one motto for freedom and liberty: *pro libertate patriæ*. Those little changes in letters are very amusing; they show some of the wisdom of that age, and the element of mind to please, while passing through the "*matrimonial chains*." "*What's in a name!*" Ask Napoleon III.

the Jutes, Saxons; and the English generally, Saxons; as well as the Friesians who accompanied the Saxons in the invasion and colonization of England. The Irish and Scotch were always in the field, fighting on either side, and often on both, as much for pleasure as for plunder.

"As a single illustration," says Mr. Trench, "of the various quarters from which the English has been augmented, and in the end enriched, I would instance the words, 'trick,' 'device,' 'finesse,' 'artifice,' and 'stratagem;' and enumerate the various sources from which we have gotten these words. Here 'trick' is Saxon, 'deviso' is Italian, 'finesse' is French, 'artificium' is Latin, and 'stratagemata' is Greek."

In another part of his interesting "Lectures on the Study of Words," Mr. Trench remarks that, "supposing all other records to have perished, we might still work out and almost reconstitute history by these aids; that, were we to call up the words as witnesses, and interrogate them, their testimony would be that the Normans were the conquerors, and the Saxons the subjugated; that the Normans possessed the power and wealth, and that the poverty-stricken Saxons sowed; that the Normans were the smaller class, and the Saxons constituted the great body of the people." And thus he supplies the

evidence: "We should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honour, and pre-eminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently *), descend to us from them:—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count ('earl,' indeed, is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his 'countess' from the Norman), chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more.

* * * And yet, while the statelier superstructure of the language, almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, is Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, and fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman; but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names—the house, the roof, the home, the hearth; his 'board,' too, and often, pro-

The exception is that of "king," which, as Mr. Trench observes, "would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in upon a new title."

bably, it was no more, has a more hospitable sound than the table of his lord. His sturdy arms turn the soil; he is the boor, the hind, the churl; or, if his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt, the villain. The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his language; so, too, the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, *i.e.*, barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning these last, it is not a little characteristic to observe (and it may be remembered that Wamba, the Saxon jester in *Ivanhoe*, plays the philologist here), that the names of almost all animals, so long as they are alive, are thus Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food, become Norman—a fact, indeed, which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labour of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus, ox, steer, cow, are Saxon; but beef, Norman; calf is Saxon, but veal, Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton, Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon, the only flesh which perhaps ever came within his reach, is the single exception.”

Now all this admirably illustrates what I wish to enforce in regard to race. The English nation is no more exclusively Saxon than the English language. From various sources, the language has been both augmented and enriched. And so of the people. The elements which constitute the people are as varied as those which every philologist can trace in the language we speak. And that which is true of England, in this respect, is true also, though not to a like extent, of Scotland and Ireland.

I have already referred to the existence of a Munster in New Zealand. In this there is nothing to excite surprise. The fact is one which admits of a ready, simple, and satisfactory explanation. But how shall we explain the frequent recurrence of this name (the name, be it remembered, of a fourth part of Ireland) on the continent of Europe? In Prussia, in the province of Westphalia, in Germany, in the canton of Lucerne, in the Grisons, in the Tyrol, and in France, Munster meets the tourist. But whence did the name originate? Was Ireland the giver or the receiver?

While upon this matter of names I may be permitted to refer to the supposed origin of the well-remembered "round-head." Two explanations of the mode in which it came into use have been

given. By some it is affirmed that the habit of the Puritans in wearing short hair, in contrast to the king's party who wore theirs long, originated the name. Others would have us believe that it dates from the trial of Strafford, when the queen, alluding to Mr. Pym, inquired who that *round-headed* man was. But a third explanation, as good at least as either of these, may yet be offered. Is it, that Cromwell, Pym, and others, were really possessors of round heads? I attended professionally one who traced her descent from the Protector. She had a remarkably round head, and with it a feigned disease.

The oval head and face predominate in these our islands. The long Israelitish skull, and the globular head, are less frequent. The force of character, great talent, energy, and sagacity, of the shrewd, long-headed race, have long since become proverbial, as has also the heavy-plodding thought of the bullet-headed race.

To the varieties caused by different formations of the hands and feet, I need not again refer.

It is reported of Sir Robert Peel, that he had more confidence in the fair race, with its light hair and sanguine temperament, than in the dark; and that he pointed out a few of the rising youth, fair and sanguine, who were likely to be his successors

in oratory and finance. To this opinion, however, Sir Robert himself would probably have attached no great importance, since he must have been well acquainted with the mixtures of race, and must have seen, as most of us have done, the two races continually intermarrying, and producing an offspring now with raven locks, and now with flaxen.

By the way, what a strange race should we have had, if the embarrassed Fox had married the great heiress, Miss Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath. The anecdote must be familiar to many of my readers, but I cannot refrain from recording it here. The circumstance is said to have taken place in the gay circle of the Prince Regent. There sat Fox, as not unfrequently happened, beside Miss Pulteney, offering attentions which had become the subject of remark. Some one remarked to the witty Hare upon the striking contrast which was before them, in Fox's singularly dark complexion, and Miss Pulteney's pale face and light hair.

"What a strange sort of children they will have!" was the observation.

"Why *duns*, to be sure," replied Hare; "cream-coloured bodies, with black manes and tails."

The people of Norfolk, and a considerable portion also of the inhabitants of Yorkshire, are said to bear a general resemblance to the Irish. To

myself, as I have traced the windings of the Yar, the boys have appeared to resemble those on the slopes of the Shannon. The speaking Irish eye, the humorous look, and the spark of *drollery* that now and then shot forth, made me feel as though I were on the west side of the channel. The turf fire, the hearth, and, stranger still, the accent and sayings, did but strengthen the illusion. Nor must I omit to mention another link which connects Norfolk with Ireland—it abounds with round towers. I should like to have a comparative analysis of the masonry of these and that of those in Ireland.

Now to what, as its cause, shall we ascribe this resemblance? Shall we at all take into account the level plain of Norfolk, with its peat production, and place it side by side with the level plains of Limerick, and their peat productions? This will not account for the similarity, I might almost say identity, of games among the boys by the roadside, or of the habits among the grown-up men, forming, as it were, a *distinct class*, famous for their love of the old city of Norwich. The women, too, are fair and fine, with a like resoluteness of character. Even the horses have an Irish cast. But why perplex ourselves with these? More difficult of explanation is the presence of the Irish cross, that

emblem of our common Christianity, upon which the artist's chisel has inscribed Irish characters, in the cold region of Iceland. What account shall be given of this? In what obscurity are we yet involved! to what difficulties do all our conjectures as yet give rise!

As I am in search of facts, willing to be carried whithersoever they lead, I may here present the results of a series of experiments upon the physical differences existing among the English, Scotch, and Irish, made by Professor Forbes, the occupant of the Natural Philosophy chair in the University of Edinburgh. His experiments were made upon students attending his own class, belonging respectively to England, Scotland, and Ireland; and they are all the more valuable from having been carried on through a series of years of some extent. The results are presented in three tables. The first exhibits

THEIR HEIGHT (IN INCHES).

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
18	68 1	68 5	68 7
19	68 5	68 9	69 4
20	68 7	69 1	69 8
21	68 8	69 2	70 0
22	68 9	69 2	70 1
23	68 9	69 3	70 2
24	68 9	69 3	70 2
25	68 9	69 3	70 2

The second table exhibits

THEIR WEIGHT (IN POUNDS).

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
16	127 0	125 5	129 0
17	133 5	133 5	136 0
18	138 0	139 0	141 5
19	141 0	143 0	145 5
20	144 0	146 5	152 0
21	146 0	142 5	151 0
22	147 5	150 0	153 0
23	149 0	151 0	154 0
24	150 0	152 0	155 0
25	151 0	152 5	155 0

Both these tables assign the superiority, in the physical characteristics compared, to the Irish, both give the second place to the Scotch, and both place the English the lowest in the scale. But the Professor has given us yet another table, which tells even more impressively the same tale. It exhibits

THEIR STRENGTH (IN POUNDS).

Age.	English.	Scotch.	Irish.
17	352	340	369
18	364	360	389
19	378	378	404
20	385	392	416
21	392	402	423
22	397	410	427
23	401	417	430
24	402	421	431
25	403	423	432

The results here given are gathered, of course, from an examination of a single class in our social family. I believe, however, from a careful examination of the Yeomanry and Militia in several English counties, on the one hand, and of some Scotch and Irish regiments, on the other, that the same results would be attained from a yet wider induction of facts.

Of the English race, the Isle of Portland and the shores of Dorset produce some noble specimens, with blue eyes and other distinctive marks of the large, fair race. Indeed, the fishermen and women, throughout the coast of Great Britain, possess marks of power and great strength equal to those of Ireland.

About Cambridgeshire, I have met persons with a peculiar sallow complexion, high cheek-bones, and features and a frame strongly marked; the women tall and firmly knit, with that copper-colour paleness which you find in the women of Nazareth; whereas, in the neighbourhood of Lincoln, you have persons of the same cast, but with a weight of limb and body remarkably their own, moving at about the same rate as their rivers, the Nen and the Ouze.

Specimens similar to those already noticed, as existing on the southern coast, of equal physical

strength and metaphysical disposition, but of the dark race, may be found about the Frith of Forth ; but for delicacy of beauty, and loveliness in contour, we must visit the Macleods, of the Isle of Skye. The dark race, indeed, prevails much throughout the counties of Devon and Dorset. There, however, they are Saxons ; whereas, north of the Tweed (such are the blunderings of modern theorists), they rank as Celts.

The fair race prevails more throughout the central and northern counties of England ; but the intermixture manifests itself most strikingly along the lowland borders of Wales and Scotland. Frequently you may see the blue eye accompanied with black hair, and a clear skin, forming a remarkable contrast with a rosy complexion, which unites a freshness and nervousness of beauty most attractive. Those in England, who exhibit this variety, have, in general, the oval face and head ; those in Ireland, on the contrary, have the round head and face, often in that country called German, but which I should rather describe as Danish ; for you may meet with them along the undulating waters of the winding Nore, which the Danes considered as sublimely beautiful as their own deep clear Nore of the isle of Noen ; the features of resemblance being in "the narrow valley, diver-

sified cascade, verdant woods, and races of men." Overhanging these waters stand the castle and city of Kilkenny, the famous Round Tower, and the Cathedral of St. Canice, which was erected by O'Dallany.

When tired of wandering here, we may betake ourselves to the lofty hills and the deep blue mountains of the pendent Galties. Here we shall find a considerable variety; sometimes a dark brown eye, often running into hazel, with chesnut hair, and sometimes the same hair with a deep blue eye, but neither, in other external respects, differing from those already described. Mentally, you have here what it is fashionable to call "Norman pomp and dignity" engrafted, as it were, on "Irish ardor and impetuosity." But even here, amid those dark and gloomy mountains and sequestered shades, I have never met the native race with the native helmet—hair so thickly plaited as to resist a sword cut. You meet, however, a race caring little for Celtic honours. The red button and the vote of thanks, perchance given with reluctance, have, with minds of this order, no reality. Indeed, Pat is, after all, a veritable Saxon. His Royal regiments want only blankets in the Crimea. The names of Commissary and Commissariat would, to his mind, be more intelligible if they took on the

forms of Cook and Butler. They would bring him nearer to the food he craves for. But I awaken here feelings all too well known, too sadly felt, and too dearly purchased, to permit me to dilate on topics such as these.

Throughout the sister Isles, there are yet to be met families priding themselves in the name of true Britons, and regarding themselves as branches which have sprung from the pure native stock. They are, in general, of the dark complexion, thickly set, their shoulders well squared, the head long and firmly defined, with heavy hands and feet, but altogether standing out as the remnant of the once powerful and still obstinate people who resemble the old Guard, willing to die, but refusing to surrender. They form a powerful variety of the one original—commanding in manners, immovable in their resolves, and determined in action. On this tribe it is that the various ingraftings have been made.

In Cheltenham, my attention has been more than once directed to a class of Anglo-Irish, and in Leamington to a class of Anglo-Scotch, both being, in fact, colonies of a remarkably fine race, destined, in these localities, to help forward the ever and rapidly-extending mixture of race.

We have no pure race of Saxons. As early,

even, as the fifth century, they were a mixed race, "an association of peoples." Even when in their ancient territory, north of the Elbe, the invincible Roman carried among them his conquests and his colonies, until the exiled Franks, tossed for a while on the ocean, once more found their native Rhine, and, uniting with the Saxons, gave them their first instruction in ship-building, navigation, and piracy. In time others joined them, just as they, in their turn, joined others, to enrich themselves, till the Saxon name became general, spreading into Germany and, through the Northern Ocean, invading our own shores.

Closer far is the resemblance between the English and the Roman mind, than between the English mind and the Saxon. Peyrat writes,— "There is an everlasting strife between the North and the South, between the Teutonic and the Latin races, of which God has made use by turns for the civilization of Europe. The Latin or Etruscan mind, is of a *matter-of-fact* kind, of a practical turn, averse to change. Its natural tendency is towards *unity*. In heathen times it founded the Roman Empire; having embraced Christianity, the Roman theocracy. The Teutonic or Scandinavian mind, on the other hand, is *visionary, impractical, and of a roving disposition*. Its condition of life is inde-

pendence. The Latin mind brought the German clans within the pale of the Empire, by the arms of Cæsar, and within that of the Church, by the sword of Charlemagne. But, after a struggle of four or five centuries, the German mind triumphed over the Empire, by Alaric, and over the Church, by Luther; the barbarian hero setting up natural equality in the place of political caste; and the Protestant tribune, evangelical equality in that of priestly hierarchy. In the fifteenth century two reforms of the church were attempted at the same time; one, being German, *radical, popular*, by John Huss: the other, Latin, *moderate, aristocratic*, by the Fathers of Constance." Now, however, the Teutonic character is exchanged to amuse the present race of wrong thinkers. Contradiction, indeed, is everywhere. One race takes the place of the other, according to the mood of the particular author describing them. Hence, this question of race has become more intricate, and defies more the efforts of him who would unravel it, than those ages of bone, stone, bronze, and iron, to which our own will in a few centuries be added as the age of gold, the age which changed the mental and physical development of the Australian and Californian, by the introduction of our habits of thought and action, already apparent in the familiar names

which even now meet the eye as it passes over a map of the new world.

I have often seen the features of our "fine old English gentlemen," in the paintings of the "Roman Fathers." I recollect, moreover, standing in company with a native of Dorset, before a painting, admiring, as I gazed, the shrewd eye of "a Monk of the olden time," when I was forcibly struck with the striking likeness of my friend at my elbow to the Monk on the canvass. "In your neighbourhood," I asked, "was there a Monastery?" "Yes," he answered, "near where I was born." And it so happens that where monasteries are, or have been, you always meet with robust, shrewd men, possessed of great calculating powers. There, too, are the richest valleys, the best wooded hills, the most beautiful winding rivers, the warmest soil, and the finest scenery. Shall I add (but who will associate these with monkery?) that there also may be seen incomparable women, tall, straight, and intelligent? About Bath, and on the banks of the Wye, where stands fair Tintern, these many beauties may be seen. The like may be affirmed of the monastic districts of Ireland, such as those about Adare, Askeaton, and Quin Abbey. Let the inquiring tourist cross the channel and he may soon get among monastic ruins, Roman roads,

Cathedral cities, and round Towers; and as he gazes upon the massive and slender column, the gorgeous pinnacle, pleasingly adorned, the startling perspective beauty of arch within arch, column within column, rib within rib; he may ask, and his questions need not remain unanswered, what minds have left their impress there

“As a fossil in the rock, or a coin in the mortar of a ruin,
So the symbolled thoughts tell of a departed soul :
The plastic hand hath its witness in a statue, and exactitude
of vision in a picture :
So the mind that was among us is embalmed.”

As a further illustration of the extensive and varied elements which have been at work in past days, in modifying the races which have found a home in our country, I may note the fact that the Godelions are also said to have visited Ireland in making their distant voyages from Egypt to Crete, from Crete to Scythia, from Scythia to Africa, from Africa to Spain, and from Spain to Ireland.

The *Tuatha de Danaan* race are spoken of as being at the capital of the kings of all Erin, in the Court of the Queen of Tara, and they are particularly described as differing from the Scoto-Milesians, who had light hair, whereas the former had raven locks, and were skilled in the arts, besides being superior in personal and mental characteristics. This may account for

much of that Grecian contour which yet attracts us to the shores of Erin. Tara, indeed, was formerly a place of much consequence, though now only known to the majority of our countrymen through the medium of Moore's Melodies. Many centuries before the Christian Era, the "Hill of Tara" was the site of an Irish city, the seat of learning, laws, music, and philosophy. "*The Triennial Convention of Tara*," at which the kings, princes, and nobles, met about the third century, was remarkable for the Great Hall in which it assembled, and which, if we are to credit history, was 900 feet square, and 27 cubits in height, and where the daily guests averaged one thousand in number, "besides princes, orators, men of science, musicians and artists."

If yet further evidence of a mixture in race be demanded, I would ask the sceptic to take into his hand Burke's *Baronetage and Peerage of the United Kingdom*. Having done so, he need but cast his eye over the contents of a single leaf, and he will see how Erin's *fair daughters** and Eng-

* In the Rectory at Severn Stoke, Worcestershire, there is one of the finest specimens of the Anglo-Irish race, bequeathed in a painting of "*the beautiful Lady Coventry*," the eldest daughter of John Gunning of Castle Coote, Co. Roscommon, by Bridget, daughter of Theobald Bourke, 6th Viscount Mayo. This Miss Maria Gunning married the 6th Earl of Coventry; she brought with her all the beauty and

land's sons have joined together to become the parents of our present nobles; and although the evidence thus supplied has regard to a single class, he has but to imagine that to the probability of which his understanding will at once assent, to wit, that like causes have been producing like effects in the lower strata of society, to satisfy himself that, in regard to these islands at least, strict purity of race is a thing only of the imagination.

If, moreover, we look back and enquire by what processes the mixture of race, of which we are now witnesses, has been effected, we shall be prepared to anticipate yet further changes, the results of influences which are even now at work, and which, though working silently, will not, on that account, operate one whit the less effectually. I have gazed

benevolence of the O'Bourkes, which was also shared with her sister, the Duchess of Hamilton. So lovely was Lady Coventry, that all the great masters of her time failed in producing a picture to equal her beauty; and we are further told that her charms were only equalled by her virtues.

Another specimen from the old race stands in stone over the east window of one of the Seven Churches on Scattery Island, the church next the Round Tower, near the mouth of the Shannon. To one interested in my inquiry, those two heads are worth a pilgrimage. St. Sinan's Bust possesses fine manly features; but the Lady Coventry, on canvas, surpasses all the paintings which I have hitherto examined, even *one* at Ormond's Castle.

with delight upon the sober and impressive grandeur which yet survives in the works of our forefathers, the holy cross, the round tower, the decorated cathedral, the abbey and the castle running side by side, resting in their greatness on the banks of crystal streams, and telling us of a greatness which was built up by a great-minded people, men altogether above a Celt or Saxon mediocrity. I have visited the Isle of Ely, entered the Galilee, stood under the Octagon and North Transept of the Cathedral, and thought on the men, who, five centuries ago, laid its foundation. I have stood, also, within the giant walls of York Minster. I have looked down from the hills, on which our fathers prayed, upon the towers of Exeter. And then I have rambled within the Abbey cloisters of Ireland, tracing there the Saxon, the Norman, and the early English styles, and I could not but see, in all these instances, evidences of the presence and action of the same men, the embodied ideas of the same minds. But monuments such as these have been doing their work in moulding not only the mental but the physical features of our population. Affecting in the first instance those who have gazed upon their beauties and imbibed somewhat of their spirit, they have, through them, affected those who

have sprung of a stock which has thus been elevated in its character. Even so now, the colossal statues from the ruins of Nineveh, presenting graphically, though in stone, the features of a race long since destroyed, or surviving only in a scattered few with the eagle eye and nose, may do their part in giving origin to men, exhibiting modified phases of human nature. Nothing, in fact, can be disregarded, if we would take into account all the influences which operate upon man's wondrous nature. Marvellously susceptible, it will take impressions not only from the works of God, but from the works of man, and hence you must confine the productions of certain minds to the particular districts in which their material tabernacles have stood and fallen, if you would guard effectually the so-called purity of race. Had this been done, the effect would have been, not advancement. but deterioration. But this has not been done, and the result has been that a mixture of race has been accomplished by causes independent of the mere migrations of families and tribes. You must, in truth, isolate not only men's bodies, but also the productions of men's minds, if you would really have what, after all, would be scarcely worthy possessing—a race uninfluenced by admixture with other races.

" There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference ;

Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem ;

No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest, hath its counterpart ;

No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen ;

And, therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with accident,

None but a bigot partizan will hope for impossible unity." .

POLITICAL AND METAPHYSICAL ANALYSIS.

HAD I Bishop Berkley's metaphysical mind, with his powers of reflection and reasoning, I might, doubtless, startle my readers by a train of philosophical thought, and, by attaching link after link to the chain of ideas in their own minds, lead them on (the potent guide being my own *will*) from the growth of man corporeal to man spiritual, and, in the light of my own psychological researches, make them believe that man is nothing more than the mere breath of life, a kind of spiritual essence, which appears and gradually passes, like a vapour, from the region of present existence. And does it not in reality appear thus? We cannot realize death. We judge of it principally by the power of absence. Our friends, once the solace of our lives, are absent from us. Our parents are gone;

a brother or a sister falls before our eyes, and yet we sometimes picture them to ourselves as occupying the same room in the same house. So difficult is it for us to comprehend death! But Dr. Berkley's mission was spiritual; he was the physician of the soul. Mine is material; I am the physician of the body. I must deal with coarse realities. I must handle matter, and only talk of mind. In the present chapter, however, I shall touch on the relation of the physical to the metaphysical, and show how the sympathies of the one minister to the happiness of the other.

Religion, and not *Race*, is the great and primary distinction in the relative conditions of the sister isles, for in other respects the people are, in fact, identical. By this, I mean that they are so in physical conformation and in mental type. The *natural* qualities are, indeed, influenced, to a greater or less extent, by climate, and races affected by geographical and geological position are yet further altered by *diet*. In fact, all physicians are now compelled to acknowledge the presence and important operation of *regimen*, and to admit it even into their estimates of psychological phenomena. And why not? Not only does the ordinary farmer know the actual results which follow, as by the force of law, certain kinds of

feeding, so that the Yorkshireman will now contend that he can put as much fat upon his long-horned as the Devonian can upon his short-horned, but every man who has crossed a country upon the back of a good hunter, is equally familiar with the effects of "hard and soft feeding," both upon the skin and upon the temper and paces of his steed. Nor is man so elevated above the animal as to be wholly free from similar influences.. Feed an Englishman on raw potatoes and raw whiskey, and he would crack your head at Donybrook. Feed an Irishman on bread, bacon, and beer, and he would go to sleep at Greenwich. You may make them Celt and Saxon as you please. In two generations they will be fat and thin, as it may be, wealthy and poor, as it must be, but Saxons and Celts, according to act of Parliament and the popular errors of the day.

Dr. Ellis, of Dublin, and Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, are the two principal leaders on this theory of the Saxon English, and both place much emphasis on the one characteristic of self-reliance—eminently Saxon—but which, after a careful perusal of their works, I resolve into selfishness, a Saxon distinction which the English, as a race, do not possess.

Dr. Ellis has carried the Celt and Saxon theory to such an extent, that he has made the great

“water power” of Ireland Celtic, as if rivers did not run in England. If the Erdne at Belleek and Ballyshannon be Celtic—a natural mechanical power—the Clyde, at its two foaming falls, must be the same. Nor can we deny a like honour to the dashing, increasing, and ever-flowing Niagara, whilst we must write down the placid, muddy waters of the lower Shannon, and of the lower Severn, and the grumbling Mississippi, as in truth Saxon rivers.

As proving the blunderings of the men who would have us think of England as wholly and exclusively Saxon, I would point to the presence, in Westminster Abbey, of one of the greatest relics of Celtic or Druidical superstition. The “*Lia-fail*,” or *the stone of destiny*, on which the great monarchs of Ireland were crowned, is still attached to the coronation chair of England.

Kossuth’s eloquence excited the sober Saxon into Celtic absurdities. Banners were waved, beer was drank, and music was sounded, to as great an extent in England, as they were formerly in Ireland, when O’Connell addressed his forlorn and neglected race; the only difference between the well-fed Saxon and the impoverished Celt being, that the one agitated without a cause and the other for the removal of real grievances.

While pondering over these theories of race I have striven in vain to call to mind a *performance* in Ireland as Celtic, as the annual "Lord Mayor's show" in London, the Sweep exhibitions of May-day, or the burning of Guy Fawkes. I was about to add the "mop-fairs;" but these are so barbarous and revolting, that I know not to what race or country to trace them.

Do not, moreover, "the town and gown" riots at Oxford look very Celtic? Dr. Knox and Dr. Ellis would alike fail to prove these to be profitable fights; and yet the Saxon fights only for profit, the Celt for fun. Side by side must stand the Rebecca and the Ribbon riots.

Nothing, again, to my mind, is more Celtic—and so I imagine must think the Right Honourable Speaker as, in deep sonorous tones, he calls for "Order," than the confusion now by no means rare in the British House of Commons. The quiet business habits of the Committee-Room were more in accordance with the taste and practice of our ancestors. The Irish Parliament, during its own reign, was altogether free from that heterogeneous mass of discussion which, in the English House, offers so serious an impediment to the solid business of wise and effectual legislation. The Irish, when uninfluenced by priestly craft, were men of

nice discrimination and business dispatch, deliberate in discussion, and using in debate only convincing logical phraseology. But now the tide is turned; their speeches are Celtic. And why? Because they have to deal with a government whose guiding star is not principle, but expediency.

Upon grounds such as these, I contend that the same general laws which are adapted to the one country, are adapted also to the other, irrespective altogether of this race theory. Two great statesmen of our own day cast themselves free from the trammels of thought shaped only by theory, and, as an almost necessary consequence, recommended good, sound, practical measures for Ireland. The measures of Lord George Bentinck were the productions of a far-reaching and an honest mind. He would have brought Ireland, by an iron road, to the very heart of England, and both would have reaped the benefit. Sir Robert Peel, viewing Ireland from another point, would have transplanted a Protestant colony into the midst of a Popish population, and then, as a second step, at the proper moment would, by one rapid and effectual blow, have crushed that hierarchy which forms the seed-plot of ever-increasing superstitions, and stands an effectual bar to healthful action and progress.

If there be demanded a proof of how wise was

this conception of that true statesman, for whose mantle on the shoulders of another, the country at large has been eagerly searching, though hitherto in vain, let the thoughtful student of History call to mind how the brave Celtic Norman heart of England shook off the yoke of Popery, converting, at one effectual movement, the Papal England ruled by Henry VII, into Protestant England under Henry VIII, and how, as in an instant, liberty entered every house, the mind awakened from its torpor, and put on purity and vigour; cumbering institutions were swept away; deceived and useless novices became intelligent and useful wives: and beings who had failed of fulfilling the ends for which life had been given them, took their places as strong and graceful links in God's creation.*

History, too, shows us, by many an illustration, how a race may be changed. Sometimes the change is wrought by the influence of one all-powerful intellect, moulding men and things according to its own ideas. At other times, the change, wrought by many influences silently working, manifests itself, in an embodied form, in the

* Miss Talbot, with her £80,000, is a recent case, and serves as a good illustration of how ignorant these girls frequently are of their own inclinations. How nearly lost was she to the active duties of a really useful life!

person and actions of some one man, who has had the skill and the daring to make the circumstances of his day the chariot and the coursers which have borne him to the first place, far ahead of all competitors. Amongst those of first rank who, in various ways, and in our own country, have left an impress upon the character of the times in which they lived, may be mentioned Cromwell, Elizabeth, William III., and George IV. Mighty, indeed, is the contrast in the influences exerted by these, but each contributed some element which has worked in making Englishmen what they are. Yet we are called a race. But, in truth, the mind of England, the product of varied minds, has no resting-place. Nor, indeed, has any single mind.

Isolation, say our modern Ethnologists, is Celtic, and yet, in almost the same breath, they tell us that *detached houses* are Saxon. If so, a very large part of England is Celtic, and Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are Saxon. In no country that I know, is there more *isolation* than in the quiet hamlets of England; and of so long standing has this been in some counties, such, for example, as Somersetshire, that many of the poor are found suffering from goitre, idiocy, and distinct Cretinism.* On the other hand, *detached houses* are plentiful in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

* Vide Appendix (5), Dr. Latham's Letter.

Again, by the same theorists, the use of steam, and, in fact, all improvement in machinery is described as Saxon, while they confess that the Saxon has no *mechanical skill*, no *invention*. In vain shall we attempt to reconcile assertions so manifestly contradictory, or to bring them into agreement with the fact that, without changing either his skin or his race, the Celtic agricultural labourer of Ireland becomes the Saxon manufacturing labourer of America.

If, moreover, all manufacturing towns, wherever situated, with all their intense covetousness, are Saxon; and if all the quiet towns, where the pleasure-taking and health-seeking inhabitants live on their accumulated fortunes, are Celtic, how large a portion of England must bear the latter appellation.

The land-question bears, of course, to the minds of the many a Celtic aspect, and yet, if we are to place any reliance upon the testimony of Mr. Kay and Mr. Young, its main features are essentially Saxon. The former of these writes thus:—
“In *Saxony*, before the beginning of the present century, there were a number of small proprietors, who held their lands under strict settlements; and accounts, published in those times, represent the condition of the proprietors themselves, and that

of their farms, to have been *wretched*, and to have been *progressively deteriorating*; and these old reports, with great discrimination and justice, declare that the cause of that state of things was, not the smallness of the estates, but that the small proprietors could not dispose of their lands to men of science and capital, when they felt it to be their interest to do so." * * * "There are three facts, of which there can be no doubt. The *first* is, that the peasants of France and Germany were, fifty years ago, subjected to a social system precisely similar to that now in force in Ireland. The *second* is, that at that time the condition of the peasants of France and Germany was, according to the testimony of Arthur Young and many other eye witnesses, at least as bad as the condition of the Irish people at the present day. And the *third* fact is, that, since the old system of great estates and great ignorance has been changed, the condition of the peasants in those countries has changed most undeniably, and, according to the unanimous testimony of all writers, immensely for the better." *

Following in the same line of allegations, contradicting one another or contradicting facts, I

* "Social condition and education of the people." Vol. i. p. 322.

may notice that the spirit of *intercourse*, the desire for free *intercommunication*, is made to be the great helper of *Saxon* progress. If, however, we must point, in illustration, to the English flocking to Australia, and, thinking half the globe a space scarcely to be regarded, when hasting to the realization of their wishes, how shall we describe the tide of equal breadth rolling towards America, but made up of Irish men, women and children? Nor do these opposing facts present the only difficulties. Dr. Hahnemann, than whom there never lived a closer or more accurate observer, and who never made an assertion until previous investigation had convinced him of its truth, a Saxon, moreover, of Saxony, has observed that "no Swiss could be more attached to his mountain home than a Saxon to his native country."

If the Celt and Saxon theory be true, the two races can never really progress while separated. The Saxon may blow the bellows, but his efforts will all be fruitless, since no harmony can move the soul, unless the genius of the organist direct the hand which moves the keys; and it is the Celt who must make every note tell. If England were Saxon she would be *lumber* among the nations. If Ireland were Celtic she would now be *lumber*.

Men seem

Ireland

land has made her. It may suit the purpose of the crafty politician to conceal the real offender by talking of the unprogressive race. But England, Saxon England, if you will have her so, has been the real hinderer of progress in the sister Isle. Had England been for so long a period subjected to the same influences, she too would have been as degraded. But how stands the fact? Rejoicing herself in liberty of mind, and possessing this liberty not because she is Saxon but because she is Protestant, she has, through the instrumentality of a priesthood whose interest it is to keep its serfs in ignorance, shackled thought in Ireland. And can a race progress unless thought be free?

I say not this to arouse that old hatred between Catholic Celts and Protestant Saxons, which did its hellish work so effectually when the most cruel, contracted, and illiberal laws were passed to crush Roman Catholic industry, honesty, and integrity; when the very name of Papist deprived an Irishman of his land, his house, aye, and his very liberty; laws which Edmund Burke declared "were as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Laws, equally detestable, short-sighted, and un-

statesmanlike, crushed Ireland's progressive growth, her commercial enterprize, and reduced her to the possession of an unmerited name. But on this subject I will use the sentiments of England's greatest statesman, the extraordinary and unrivalled Pitt, who scrupled not to charge England with "debaring Ireland from the enjoyment and use of her own resources, to make the kingdom completely subservient to the interests and opulence of this country, without suffering her to share in the bounties of nature, in the industry of her citizens, or making them contribute to the general interests and strength of the empire." "This system of cruel and abominable restraint," he said, "has counteracted the bounty of Providence, and suspended the industry and enterprise of man. Ireland was put under such restraints, that she was shut out from every species of commerce. She was restrained from sending the produce of her own soil to foreign markets, and all correspondence with the colonies of Britain was prohibited to her; so that she could not derive their commodities but through the medium of Britain."

With facts such as these, so well attested, to trace Ireland's present degradation to the presence of an unprogressive race, is worse than folly, it is disingenuous and dishonest. Had Ireland been

ever so Saxon, the religious strife which has been her bane since the rebellion of 1798, and which has been sedulously fed, both by ambitious Rome, and Rome-hating England, had sufficed to depress and destroy her physical and mental energies. Each has diligently followed her own selfish ends. Unsleeping, untiring agitators, and a partial government, have destroyed her independence. Of these selfish men, Sir Jonah Barrington has given the following eloquent history. "The priests bowed before the Irish Viceroy. The titular Archbishop was led to believe that he would instantly become *a real prelate*, and before the negotiation concluded, Dr. Troy was consecrated a decided Unionist, and was directed to send pastoral letters to promote it. Never yet did any clergy so retrograde, as the Catholic hierarchy, &c., on that occasion. It is true they were deceived, *but it was a corrupt deception*, and they felt it during eight and thirty years. Most of them have since adjourned to the grave, *simple titulars*, and have left a double lesson to the world, that Priest and Government can rely but little on each other, and that the people should in general be very sceptical in relying upon either.

"Nothing could be more culpable than the conduct of a considerable portion of the Catholic

clergy: the Catholic body were misled, or neutralized, throughout the entire of that unfortunate era. In 1798, they were hanged; in 1799, they were caressed; in 1800, they were cajoled; in 1801, they were discarded; and after the lapse of twenty-six years, they were complaining louder than when they were in slavery. Nothing can now keep pace with their population, but their poverty; *and no body of men ever gave a more helping hand to their own degradation and misery.*" *

As my mind reverts to what a corrupted form of Christianity has done for Ireland, and feel my indignation rise, as I remember how evils have been attributed to race, which ought to have been attributed to religion, methinks I hear the nervous sentences of Grattan. Here they are. "This light" (the light of Christianity as it existed in the Apostles' day) "was soon put out by its own ministers; and on its extinction, a beastly and pompous priesthood ascended: *political potentates*, not Christian pastors, full of *false zeal*, full of *worldly pride*, and full of *gluttony*, but *empty of the true religion*. To their flocks, oppressive; to their inferior clergy, brutal; to their king, abject; and to their God, impudent and familiar. They stood on the altar, *as a stepping-stool to the throne*, glozing in the ear of

* *Historic Memoirs of Ireland.*

princes, whom they poisoned with crooked principles and heated advice; and were a faction against their king, when they were not his slaves."

But it has not always and everywhere been thus. "Their power went down; it burst of its own plethora, when a poor *reformer*, with the gospel in his hand, and with the inspiring spirit of poverty, *restored* the Christian religion." England, however, ascribes to her Saxon ancestry and race a greatness, which she owes to the man who, as an instrument of God, bade thought be free, and attributes to Celtic inferiority, in Ireland, the degradation which waits only the utterance and enforcement of a like command to take its flight. When Celt and Saxon, as present distinctions, are buried in forgetfulness, a first and an effectual step will have been taken towards tearing away the veil which now conceals the real origin of Ireland's ills.

It is sad to mark the blunderings made upon this great question of race by the *Times*, potent now for good and now for evil. Many of its articles, written as though the liquid flowing from the editorial quill was wholly gall, are a disgrace to the nation, and stand out all the more marked by injustice and cruelty, when the despatches of every mail from the Crimea, where the real Celts and the real Saxons are contending with the Russian tribes,

tell of Celtic order and Saxon confusion. But, as regards race, or the science of races, and their varieties, the invectives of the *Times* against the Irish are wholly destitute of truth ; for in “ Australia, or the States, where an Irishman can make himself by industry a proprietor of land, and where he is not shackled by the middle-age legislature, he becomes immediately the most energetic and conservative of colonists. He then acquires faster than any one else ; he effects more in a day than any one else ; and he forces his rulers to write home to England—as the Governor of South Australia did but a few years ago—‘ That the Irish are the most enterprising, successful, and orderly of all colonists in those distant lands.’ ”*

The following extract from the writings of Mr. Mill, whose explanations of the principles of political economy are full of those common sense observations which always indicate a matter of fact mind, are much to the point. After pointing out the screwing and pinching policy of the Irish landlord towards his miserable cottier, with his wretched hut and his food of the coarsest description, he asks, “ What race would not be indolent and *insouciant* when things are so arranged, that they derive no advantage from forethought or

* Kay's Social Condition of the People. Vol. 1, p. 89.

exertion? Is it not then a bitter satire on the mode in which opinions are formed on the most important problems of human nature and life, to find public instructors of the greatest pretension, imputing the backwardness of Irish industry, and the want of energy of the Irish people in improving their social condition, to a peculiar indolence and *insouciance* in the Celtic race? Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effects of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversity of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." And yet this vulgar mode of reasoning is systematically used by the press of this free England, where, if indolence be Celtic, they would speedily and most satisfactorily exhibit themselves as genuine Celts, by giving up the toil of labour if it did not yield to them the ordinary comforts of a respectable and independent life.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

The *Times* seems quite to have forgotten that the British Museum was founded by an Irishman, Sir Hans Sloane, a Baronet not by hereditary descent, but created such by his Sovereign, who only dignified the man in the eyes of the unthinking many, who had previously dignified himself

in the eyes of the reflecting few. This Irishman, having imbibed his first taste for scientific pursuits in the midst of discouragement and adversity, and struggled on against difficulties which an ardent love of knowledge alone enabled him to surmount, in a land supposed by many to produce nothing else but bogs and agitators, ultimately succeeded Newton as President of the Royal Society. Physician to the Duke of Albemarle, during his stay in the West Indies, he returned with 800 specimens of rare tropical plants. Upon his return, he became Physician to the King, nor died until the years of his age approximated to the rarely-attained limit of a century. And what was his legacy to the nation, freely bequeathed? 200 volumes of plants, 30,000 minerals and other specimens of great value in Natural History, with his Library of 50,000 carefully selected volumes, and 3566 rare manuscripts, besides his thirty years' income to English charities. And yet in that Museum, founded by his sagacity and enriched by his labours, there stands no marble statue of the princely man! A picture or two are his only memorials. Sic transit gloria mundi!

The *Times* also appears oblivious to the fact that many of its own crushing leaders, and some of the finest specimens of English composition, for

which, in the judgment alike of friend and foe, its pages are remarkable, have come from the brains and pens of Irishmen. It was but as yesterday that the nation wept over that exquisitely descriptive pen-picture of the unhappily-directed but brilliant cavalry charge at Balaklava, which made every European a spectator of the conflict. And yet the hand that directed that pen was the hand of an Irishman ; one of a race which (alas ! that it should be so) can flourish on any soil but its own. Mr. Russell's graphic sketches of the battle of Alma, and the victory so easily achieved upon its banks, the deeds of bravery which at Balaklava scoffed at danger, the bayonet charge in the valley of Inkermann, and the many single-handed conflicts which have distinguished this *soldiers' campaign*, will form some of the most startling pages in the history of our country.

Turning to another leaf in the records of the same war, we find O'Donnell, an exile of Erin, leading the Turks everywhere to victory. Equalled only by the first Napoleon's greatest of cavalry officers, the King of Naples, everywhere through Moldavia and Wallachia, O'Donnell led the Turk victoriously against his haughty oppressor. Almost at the same moment, but in another land, another O'Donnell stood foremost in the ranks of Spanish

generals, and became the procurer of order and peace in Madrid. Facts such as these ought surely to exert upon the conductors of our newspaper press some restraint, and to force upon them the exercise of that *forethought* which of course as Saxons they possess, and of which, at any rate, they are the avowed admirers; for who amongst us can tell the hour, the day, or the year when every soul in Ireland may be required to conquer and to arrest the impending dangers? At such a time especially we should endeavour, honestly and earnestly, to attach the Irish soldiers to England and to England's cause, instead of striving, as though moved by a paltry and despicable jealousy, to rob Ireland of the name she so justly merits, and of the fame she has so fairly won.

As another fact, belonging to our own day, and casting shame upon the reckless abuse of race, I may remind my readers that for an Irishman was reserved the honour of first making the North-west passage, and solving a problem upon which so much treasure and so many lives have been expended. But why multiply such facts? There is probably scarcely a single well-read Englishman whose memory will not at once furnish many and striking illustrations.*

* D'Aubigné, the great historian of the Reformation, has,

Sir John Forbes, in the memorandums which he has presented to the public, as made by him in the autumn of the year before last, although professing to keep clear of points of religious doctrine and practice, has entered very fully into matters which certainly bear a very ecclesiastical aspect, as if he found it impossible, while writing upon Ireland and Ireland's social state, to carry his intentions fully into effect.

The author, it appears, spent a day or two in through this press-puffing nonsense, confounded two of the early Irish reformers, Columbkille, and Columbanus, with the Anglo-Saxons. Columbkille signifies "*dove of the churches*," for his original name was *Nial*, one of the royal family of the O'Neals. In the year A.D. 561, he wrote "*The Book of Kells*," now in Trinity College, Dublin. This caligraphy of the four gospels is one of the legacies bequeathed to us by the old religion of the ancient Irish, or, as they were in those days called, *Scots*. The word *Scot* originated in Ireland some centuries before the Christian era, after the Spanish invasion, under the sons of Prince Milesius—hence the Milesian name arose. *Scota*, the wife of Milesius, was the name of those chieftains' mother; and when they gained the sovereignty of Ireland, they called themselves and their people *Scots*. The Scots and their descendants, including the national tribes of Ireland, passed over into Albania—now called Scotland, after the sons of *Scota*; but up to the tenth century they were called the *Scots of Albania*, as a distinction from the *Scots of Hibernia*, just as the Danes called Scotland, Little Ireland, and Hibernia, Great Ireland. The Dane had some practical illustrations of the Irish spirit in *Scotia Minor*: he felt the conqueror's spear from *Scotia Major*. This historical note will

Limerick, and during that time, upon his own shewing, Priests and Jesuits were his instructors. Judging, indeed, from the tenor of his own remarks, one would have imagined that he was physician to Pius IX. rather than to the household of our own Victoria. Now, as I have affirmed, and am prepared to maintain, that the present condition of Ireland is to be traced to religion much more than to race, if indeed it may not be ascribed wholly to that particular form of religion under which the present national character has been formed, I may be allowed to introduce here some criticisms upon the learned physician's observations.

The conclusion to which his investigations have explain the confusion likely to arise from changed names. The ancient Scot, Columbkille, after building and endowing some churches in his native country, passed over into Scotland, to brighten his own race with the light of knowledge and the germ of liberty. Columbkille erected a pillar-tower library, a monastery, a church, and school, on the smallest of the Hebrides, and even now their crumbling walls form some of the grandest monuments on the isle of Iona, where all that was earthly of this Christian chief had passed beneath the sanctuary. Dr. Petrie has distinctly proved that the Round Towers of Ireland are of Christian and not of Pagan origin, and that they were erected by dozens throughout the counties for public libraries, to preserve the manuscripts of Irish literature, and thus the towers were isolated, as the Bodleian library now is, to guard those rich treasures from fire or the sword.

Columbanus, the pupil and disciple of Columbkille, came

conducted him, but which is stated somewhat more dogmatically than accords with the means employed for obtaining an impartial view of the whole subject, is thus given :—" One of two things must happen : either there must be one sole predominating religion, or the rival religions must be put on precisely the same footing. Of these two alternatives, the one cannot be forced, and is not likely to ensue naturally or spontaneously for centuries ; the other may be effected at once, by Act of Parliament." No doubt ! Nothing is easier, if England so wills it, than for the two Houses of the imperial Legislature, by the simple process of a vote, and the Queen by a stroke of

over into Wales with his mission and missionaries, and established a monastery in Carsarvonshire, opposite Anglesey, and called it Bangor, after his own loved Bangor on the coast of Down, which looks over on the *Eden* of Antrim, and here he established another "*valley of angels* ;" he then set forth, as he felt called of God, to preach the Gospel through England, France, Germany, and Switzerland. Irish Christians planted the faithful fruits of Gospel truth throughout the British Isles, and among our continental neighbours, long before Roman rule dictated traditional Inquisitors ; and we must hope that those grand monuments which are everywhere around may lead our mind back to follow the men who caused education to germinate, freedom to extend, and knowledge to develop its rights and duties. The ecclesiastical biography of Columbkille and Columbanus is far more important than that of St. Patrick, or St. Augustine, being much earlier in preaching and teaching Christian civilisation to the English.

her pen, to get rid of all Irish difficulties by making a present of the land from which they spring to the Royal Priest whose seat is on the seven hills. As, however, the doctor represents himself as impelled to his conclusion by the force of facts, it may be worth while to see of what value these so-called facts really are. Here is a sample.

When in Limerick he attended service at St. John's Roman Catholic chapel, and one of the priests informed him that in that parish there were probably from 12,000 to 15,000 Roman Catholics, whereas the very foot-note at the end of this chapter records the fact that, according to the Census returns, the entire population of St. John's, in the previous year, was 12,815, and for the ten preceding years not so many. According, then, to the priest's trustworthy shewing, the whole population, with some imaginary additions, was Roman Catholic. But was it so? Sir John himself shall reply. He writes :—"As I left the chapel I looked into the beautiful Protestant church of St. John's, built close by the chapel gate.* It was impossible

* This should have been reversed, for the chapel, and not the church, is the intruder. But even this simple record proves how powerfully the judgment of the learned knight was influenced by the Jesuitical company into which he threw himself.

not to be struck with the great contrast between the two establishments. In the church, everything was new, neat, clean, and in the highest order, and the congregation (tolerably numerous) comfortably arranged in pews and on benches, all neatly, and many of them genteelly dressed. One could hardly believe that the two congregations could belong either to the same Irish people or the same Christian religion." Yet so it is; and much as the contrast surprised the doctor, to whom the subject was apparently new, it surprises none really conversant with the working of the two systems, the one having its foundation in the Bible, whose Author is the God of order; the other built upon the traditions of man, whose touch so often mars what otherwise would be all beautiful. But let our author proceed. "It was impossible, also, not to imagine that the perpetual presence of this brilliant church, with its proud tower overlooking all around, planted, as it is,* at the very threshold of this humble and dingy chapel, must have some-

* Again making the church the intruder upon the chapel, whereas the latter dates only from the days of O'Connell, who advised the erection of chapels in the immediate vicinity of churches, while the former has an age which runs back to the days of his great grandsires. The great idol of this "dingy chapel" is a *dingy doll*, a sickening representation for the mother of our Lord.

what troubled the human heart of the poor priest as he passed its doors, day by day, in going to and returning from his ministrations to his ragged flock." And why ragged? Is it not because they are taught to depend upon the aid of saints and angels, whose help never comes, at any rate in the expected and promised forms, while they remain forgetful of God's good gifts in their useful heads and hands, and forgetful, too, of their own individual accountableness for these gifts, without self-reliance, of which, in fact, a selfish priesthood has effectually deprived them?

Let me not, however, be supposed to confound the ecclesiastical system of Rome with the Roman Catholic people of Ireland. The Roman Catholics of that country are, as a body, a fine and brave people, with beauty, wit, and genius, all their own; with heads all poetry and hearts all love; possessing affections which are boundless, and a generosity which is as true as it is free. Often have my tears fallen on their numberless afflictions; often has my heart melted at a contemplation of their fearful weight of suffering, and from the depths of my soul I wish them only happiness. I am pained to write what may pain them, but I write in the truthfulness of an honest heart.

What, I ask, would be the effect of admitting

Pius IX. to an equality of power with Queen Victoria in Ireland? what the result of placing Romanism and Protestantism upon not only a political but also an ecclesiastical level? Would it take the rags from the poor? or give them wholesome food in neat and cleanly houses? If so, I should almost be prepared to say, Do it. But alas! none even of these blessings, albeit only temporal, would follow upon an endowed priesthood, receiving its orders from Rome.* The darkness which overhangs the Shannon, while yet the twilight of a summer's evening lingers, as the clouds of rooks gather towards the woods of Cratla, would be as sunshine to the presence of the dark-gowned men who, if the Doctor's remedy were applied, would come pouring in from every quarter for Church preferment, Church authority, and Church persecution. Then would a black funereal-pall envelope the land, beneath which the light of civil and religious liberty would soon be extinguished.

But Ireland, even in her darkest days, has had her gleams of sunshine. No matter how the rain

* The moral statistics of the Papal States exhibit a fearful increase in crime when compared with Protestant States, and this must be expected to prevail while a DISPENSATION is the pardon for the sinner,—such is the jugglery of Jesuitism.

may fall and the clouds may darken, the refreshing breeze glides down the mountain's side, the dark cloud reveals its silver lining, and anon the glorious sun appears. Thus, even now, in the far west, amid the wilds of Galway, Protestantism is supplanting Romanism, and my conviction, based upon a very extensive induction of facts, not hastily written down, but gathered during observations which have spread themselves over many years, is, that a few thousand New Testaments freely distributed among the cottagers and the intelligent heads of families, would do more for Ireland in a single year than all the Acts of Parliament, all the agitators, and all the place-seeking patriots have done during the last ninety-and-nine years. Here is a glorious mission, in which the highly-educated and richly-gifted ladies of England might well engage, devoting in the prosecution of it their personal energies. Among the wilds of Connaught and the gardens of Munster they might distribute a portion of their wealth to the poor and of their knowledge to the ignorant, with advantage both to themselves and the objects of their benevolence. The poor Irish would obtain knowledge and learn how to apply it; the rich English would obtain health, and learn how to enjoy it. Even the Queen's Physician, with his *eclectic* theology and

therapeutics, would fail to present them with a prescription the use of which would so effectually add to their cheeks the freshness of the rose, give to their step the elasticity of health, or convey to their hearts the true joyfulness which the conscious possession of bodily and mental vigour ever imparts.

It is impossible to disconnect man's physical well-being from the free and rightful exercise of the social and domestic affections. And Christianity is a restorative, not a destructive system. It lays no rude hand upon the affections which the Author of our complex being has made an essential part of our nature, to pluck them out; it rather teaches us how to regulate them, so as to bring to Him the most glory and to ourselves the most happiness. It is not Christianity which forbids the minister of religion to be the head of a family, or the devoted women, who would be "fellow-helpers to the truth," to surround themselves with their own offspring. The Gospel could not thus inflict, with suicidal hand, a deadly blow upon its own high reputation, as if it possessed not the power of ennobling its professors to make every station holy, and every relationship useful. So far from doing this, it claims supremacy over man physical, man mental, man moral, and man social. "It is

altogether false," said the eloquent and philosophic Chalmers, "that godliness is a virtue of such a lofty and monastic order, as to hold its dominion only over the solemnities of worship, or over the solitudes of prayer and spiritual contemplation. If it be substantially a grace within us all, it will give a direction and a colour to the whole of our path in society. There is not one conceivable transaction amongst all the manifold varieties of human employment which it is not fitted to animate by its spirit. There is nothing that meets us too homely, to be beyond the reach of obtaining, from its influence, the stamp of something celestial. It offers to take the whole man under its ascendancy, and to subordinate all his movements: nor does it hold the place which rightfully belongs to it till it be vested with a presiding authority over the entire system of human affairs." They were Christian sentiments, therefore, which fell from the lips of the consort of our Queen at the last festival of the Sons of the Clergy. He said:—"I am, indeed, highly gratified to have been a witness to the 200th anniversary of this festival, testifying, as it does, that the people of this country do not relax in efforts which they have once undertaken, and do not forsake the spirit which animated their forefathers. *When our ancestors purified the Christian*

faith and shook off the yoke of a domineering priesthood, they felt that the keystone of that wonderful fabric which had grown up in the dark times of the middle ages was the celibacy of the clergy; and shrewdly foresaw that their reformed faith and newly-won religious liberty would, on the contrary, only be secure in the hands of a clergy united with the people by every sympathy—national, personal, and domestic. Gentlemen, this nation has enjoyed for 300 years the blessing of a Church establishment which rests upon this basis, and cannot be too grateful for the fact that the Christian ministers not only preach the doctrines of Christianity, but live among their congregations an example for the discharge of every Christian duty as husbands, fathers, and masters of families—themselves capable of fathoming the whole depth of human feelings, desires, and difficulties.” It is altogether a spurious form of Christianity which says to the minister of religion, “I cannot place you, with safety, in those domestic relationships which to your lay brethren is so fruitful a source of happiness. I have no principles which, were you so placed, could preserve the sanctity of your characters or enable you to be true servants of your God. You must be willing to denude yourselves of feelings and affections which, although

given you by God, cannot, by you at least, be indulged without endangering your own personal holiness and the sanctity of society." This may be Romanism, for which Dr. Forbes has constituted himself an apologist, but it is not Christianity.* The Christianity of the Bible is truly philosophic. It treats man, as God made him, the possessor of a body governed by laws, the maintenance of which in healthful exercise is a sacred duty, and as the possessor of a mind, the desires and affections of which are placed under laws, the maintenance of which, in healthful exercise, is also, but not more so than in the other case, a sacred duty. Thus treating man it teaches him how, with the bodily powers and the mental faculties which his Maker has given him, he may reap to himself the largest amount of joy, and win for his God the largest amount of glory. But if this be so, then man physical cannot prosper but

* "When a blighted name or slighted hope has changed the heart to stone, a monk's cowl, like moss upon a ruin, may seem to become it well, but it is *as an indulgence, not a penance*. The convent vow is a sort of moral suicide, by which the life-weary spirit, deserting its post, seeks refuge in a living tomb: the braver soul, though faint and worn, unconquered still, tramples down its enervating sorrow, and seeks in action the means of rebuilding the ruined fabric of its hope on a firmer and worthier foundation."—*The Crescent and the Cross*. Vol. ii. p. 100.

as man mental and man moral prospers, and, further than this, a right faith is as essential to the proper development and use of the powers of man's body, as to the rightful and profitable exercise of the faculties of his mind. Hence it is that I cannot separate Ireland's degradation from Ireland's corrupted faith, and that I think the free circulation of the only book which contains the whole of Christianity in its perfect purity is an essential element in any system which professes to aim at Ireland's regeneration.

Having referred so distinctly to Dr. Forbes' *Memorandums*, I cannot forbear, even at the risk of exposing myself to the charge of digressing from my main subject, from pointing out certain circumstances which, in my judgment, render his work not only useless but mischievous, in relation to the great questions in which are involved the future peace and prosperity of Ireland. Nor shall I be in reality digressing. I want to show that what is called Celtic Ireland is capable of becoming in every way equal to Saxon England: that no ban of race rests upon her. But ere this can be accomplished mind must be emancipated. Let thought be free to dive, and bound, and soar, and he whom you call the Celt of Ireland will vindicate his claim to share in the English honors of manhood. The

Doctor's book is fitted, in every way, to rivet yet more firmly the chains which have already fixed the bulk of Ireland's population to the earth.

Amongst the vitiating circumstances which I have marked in reading the Doctor's *Memorandums* are these.

1. He everywhere represents what he calls "The Catholic Church," meaning by that the Romish Church, as "the original Church of Ireland." This is a matter not of opinion but of fact, and all authentic history is directly contradictory of the Doctor's assertion.

2. He assumes that because, as he affirms, "The question of truth or falsehood in regard to religious doctrines is one which, if it were desirable to settle, can never be decided by any human tribunal," there exist no means for proving the superiority of Protestantism to Romanism, and therefore the only just course which can be adopted by the Legislature is, to "place the rival Churches on the same level." Upon this point I cannot do better than quote the powerful remarks addressed by Dr. Chalmers to one of the most intelligent audiences ever collected in London. "Let us imagine," said that learned divine, "for a moment the concession made, though we think it neither a right nor a necessary concession, that it

were too theological for a Parliament to decide between the two religions of Popery and Protestantism, on the ground of the argument which respects their truth—there remains another argument, which it is surely competent for the most secular assembly on earth to entertain; and that is the argument grounded on the palpable and glaring experience that tells us, and with an evidence too plain to be resisted, under which of the two regimens it is that we can best provide for the moral and economic well-being of a population. I will not speak of the impolicy of France in their expulsion of the Huguenots, who carried into other countries the arts and the habits by which they might have enriched their own. I will not speak of the contrast which strikes the eye of every traveller, between the Catholic and Protestant cantons of Switzerland. I will not speak of the moral and industrious population of the United Provinces, or tell of their immeasurable superiority in virtue and freedom, and all that makes for the superiority or well-being of a nation, over the people of Spain, that land at once of superstition and despotism—the land of their proud oppressors, against whom they nobly revolted, and as nobly triumphed. The lesson may be learned by us nearer home. Literally, he who runs may read it in Ireland; and

that on a cursory glance, and in the course of a few days' rapid travelling." * * * "If our statesmen are afraid of the theological question, we ask them to take it up as a question of polity, and tell us in the name of all that is dear to patriotism, whether it were better to have a nation of Papists or a nation of Protestants in that unhappy land."*

3. Whilst censuring, in the very strongest terms, the narrow views of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, upon the subject of Education, and condemning them for their bigoted opposition to the Board of National Education, he manifests the most unpardonable ignorance as to the real ground of that opposition. He tells his readers that "one of the causes said to lie at the root of the opposition by the English Clergy, is the open exposure which would necessarily be made of the comparative numbers of the two churches,—and, consequently, the very inferior numbers of their church,—if the children all congregated under the same roof. Another cause alleged is, their unwillingness to mix on equal terms, as they must necessarily do, in the supervision of the schools, with their unendowed brethren of the Catholic Church." If the Doctor

* "Lectures on the Establishment and Extension of National Churches,"

had been as prompt to seek information from the Protestant clergy as from the Romish priests, he would have learned the existence and the powerful operation of altogether a different cause. They would have told him that his own inclination alone compelled him to have recourse "to some such theory of inferior motives," and that had he pushed his enquiries only a little further he might have found, without deviating from the line of his tour, a reason "of a real religious character," even though that reason were, in his judgment, insufficient. The objecting clergy would have told him that their real objection rested upon the exclusion from the Schools supported by the National Board, of God's own Word, the blessed Bible. I stay not to argue whether in this they are right or wrong. I simply state the fact, and upon it I ground the assertion, that a writer, professing extreme impartiality, who could overlook such a fact, and gravely assign as the causes of the opposition of the clergy to the National Board only such paltry motives as those mentioned, is altogether unworthy of being followed as a guide. In an equal degree does he manifest his ignorance of the bearings of the whole subject when he expresses his surprise that the opposition to the National Board should have come, not from "the members of the Catholic

Church," but from those of the Protestant Church. Why should the Romanists oppose a system which allows them to have their own way, even to the extent of banishing the Bible from the School-house ?

4. He either wilfully turned aside from places which, had he been anxious to present a fair picture of Ireland's present state, he would certainly have visited—places which might have enabled him the better to judge whether or not the Church of Rome, for whose establishment upon an equality with the Protestant Church he is so anxious, is losing its hold upon the affections of the people, or he has wilfully suppressed facts which must have come under his notice. For some facts upon this branch of the subject, I refer the reader to the Appendix [6].

It is somewhat amusing to contrast the professed modesty of the Court Physician with the boldness of his advice. He says,—“ I disclaim all pretence to have been able to fathom and gauge, with even approximate accuracy, the actual condition of Ireland in its social and political relations ; or to have eliminated from the chaos of the past the true causes or sources of that condition, whatever it may be ; and still less, to have made the discovery of the means and measures on which her

future peace and prosperity are to be based" (vol. ii. p. 364). Contrast with this the following:—
 "The *only* agency by which these circumstances can be effectually changed, I have already stated to be an Act of the Legislature; *and the only change that can be effectual*—that will, in other words, lead, through the removal of discontent, *to the future peace and prosperity of Ireland*, IS THE PLACING OF THE TWO CHURCHES ON THE SAME FOOTING IN RELATION TO THE STATE. Tinkering and cobbling and botching politicians may stitch, and patch, and pin, and paste, and rivet, and solder, and shorten, and lengthen, and straiten, and widen; *but all will be in vain towards attaining the end desired—all, save the measure just enunciated*, that shall place the rival churches on the same level"* (vol. ii. 404). Advice such as this sounds strangely when offered by one who disclaims all pretence of having been able "to fathom, even with approximate accuracy, the actual condition of Ireland in its social and political relations." Has Sir John yet to learn that there exists not a single social or political relation over which Popery sheds not an influence? I suspect he has, or he would scarcely have made the assertion that "there is nothing in the religion or the religious relations of the Irish

* The italics are mine, the small capitals are Sir John's.

Catholics to prevent this being done (the putting of the two churches on an equal footing) with perfect safety to the State, and without injury or wrong to the people at large." Why, with all his anxiety to stand the kind apologist of Popery, he is constrained to admit that "the Catholic religion is less favourable than Protestantism to *man's progress in civilization*," and yet the *Catholic Church* may be taken, equally with the Protestant, into alliance with the State, "without injury or wrong to the people at large"! In other words, the State may deliberately appoint as one of her own recognized instructors and trainers of the people a church unfavourable (for the less favourable is, in point of fact, the unfavourable) to man's progress in civilization, without inflicting upon them any injury. If Sir John's therapeutics are as loose as his religious politics the sooner he is removed from the situation of Court Physician the better.

Supposing him, however, to continue there, let me suggest to him a piece of advice, to be tendered by him to the Queen's Ministers, whenever she may be surrounded by men (should he live as long) the opposites of those whom he characterises as "tinkering and cobbling and botching politicians." A proposal has been made to take from Ireland her

Kilmainham—Ireland's Chelsea Hospital—a proposal all in keeping with the policy which has left her halls and her mansions deserted, converted her avenues of oaks and elms into simple rookeries, given to her landlords the unenviable title of absentees, and made her tenantry a burden. When the "tinkering and cobbling and botching politicians" have taken their departure from the precincts of the Court, Sir John may depend upon hearing no such proposal as this. Let him then seize the opportunity of recommending (and the knowledge of his having made a tour through Ireland and published the results of his patient investigations, his calm and philosophical observations, will give weight to his advice) the removal of Maynooth to Westminster. Such a removal would benefit many. It would bring it within a more comfortable distance from Oxford. It would supply to the Cardinal Archbishop a more available fulcrum than any which he now has, upon which to place the lever which is to remove England from the position of first among the nations. It would offer the materials for a Court to the Apostolic Legate, who, before the removal of the "tinkering and cobbling and botching politicians," may possibly find his way to the diplomatic circle of London. And what is more, it would immensely benefit

Ireland. She can well afford to part with her Maynooth, but she cannot agree to give up her Kilmainham. Chartered by Charles the Second, and re-chartered by the Second George, Kilmainham has stood an *honored* institution, the loved refuge of the old soldier. If the heart of England really craves for *a bit of the real thing*, let her fetch over Maynooth, but if she wishes not to wound further the heart of her already too-long ill-used Sister Ireland, let her not touch "The Old Man's Hospital." Depend upon it, it is much nearer to the affections of the people than the School of the Priests.

But I must not leave the impression that I regard the Court and the Church of Rome as the sole source of Ireland's evils. It has, indeed, to answer for the largest portion of her miseries, and could she but be induced to cast from her the inventions of a priestcraft which has made religion a trade, heaven a speculation, hell a gold mine, and purgatory its purse, and to hail with gratitude redemption as a finished work of full and free salvation "without money and without price," the great mass of the evils under which she groans would, as in a moment, be removed. For hear the words of Lord Roden,—“The results which have followed these Missionary efforts have fully justified

the opinion which I always held, that nothing could really benefit our wretched country, by improving the character of our people, but the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge among them. Surely the success of this work is a cause for gratitude and praise to God, to whom alone the glory is due. *A total change takes place not only in the appearance of the people, but in their habits and conduct.*" Or, should his Lordship be regarded by any as a too partial witness, let me present the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Referring to the converts in "the West and Connemara," they say, "In the streets you may know one of them *by an aspect of cleanliness and comfort, in contrast with the filth and wretchedness around him* ; and in the lessons in which they are taught to praise God and be thankful."

Still upon Rome must not be charged all the blame. To benefit Ireland to the full, the feudal custom of primogeniture which has flourished beneath "the cold shade of the aristocracy," must be abolished ; pure honesty must supply to law its technicalities ; and landed property, whether freehold or otherwise, must hold the same position as personal. To Ireland must be extended the useful influence of all our institutions. Already *monster telescopes* have done more for Ireland than

monster meetings. Of this I had ocular demonstration, about five or six years ago, during a visit to Parsonstown. Lord Rosse's telescope—the largest and most wonderful ever constructed—scarcely reflected the heavenly bodies brought within its range with greater clearness than the whole character of the neighbourhood reflected the indomitable energy, the untiring perseverance, the patient research, the ardent love of knowledge of his Lordship's mind. He who links man with his God by means of Creation does much; he who links him to his God by means of Redemption does more. Even the Philosopher may do much in so changing the habits of the Irish people as to create in some minds the belief that a new race had arisen, but greater changes are within the power of him who shall stand amongst them the messenger and the minister of God's love.

PRACTICAL DEDUCTIONS.

PERHAPS in no age of the world's history has the power of mind over matter been more strikingly manifested than in our own. Engineers feel this power in a high degree. They have accomplished so much, and have brought so completely within the limits of actual existences things which would once have been called miraculous, that you can scarcely name an achievement which they will allow to be impossible. And yet the power of mind over matter in one form has been strangely overlooked ; I mean the power of mind over that material structure which forms its own tabernacle. It seems to be assumed that certain types of human bodies exist in certain races, that these races form integral and necessary parts of the one family of man, that they must continue to exist in all times, and that therefore all attempts to alter the physical peculiarities which divide mankind

into sections, some higher and some lower in the scale of material manhood, is an impossibility. If, however, the facts mentioned in the preceding chapters have the meaning there given to them, there exists no conceivable limit to the power of moulding, under the presidency of mind, the comparatively coarse, but by no means unpliant, materials of which our bodies are composed, into forms more pleasing to the eye and more useful as instruments of action. In but few instances, rare exceptions, have the care and education of the body commanded any attention. The mind has been regarded as the only part of man which is capable of being educated. The result has been that in a very large number of cases, where the mind has received an education in some degree worthy of its power, it has found itself chained to a body unsuited to act, in all the varied circumstances which it has been called to control, as the instrument of its will. But, in truth, no education is complete which does not include the whole man. The powers of the body, the faculties of the mind, and the affections of the heart, all admit of being educated. For the education of the body we need physical training; for the education of the mind, mental training; for the education of the heart, moral training. Nor can it be said that in regard

either to his body, his mind, or his heart, any single human being is uneducated. All are educated, but few are educated well. Apart from education, the eye would neither discern colour aright, nor judge correctly of distance; the hand would be unable to convey to the mind intelligence of the hardness or the softness, the roughness or the smoothness, the heaviness or the lightness, of things subjected to the inspection of its touch. The body is educated, but it is left to pick up its education by hap-hazard, just as the mind of the neglected child, left to roam the streets at pleasure, picks up its information, whether good or bad, as chance may supply it. But why should not the body be systematically educated? An utilitarian age like the present is sadly deficient in prudence when it turns aside from, as unworthy of culture, so fertile a source of material power.

Since, however, the education of the body is so generally neglected in the child, it is no wonder that the care of the body should be so completely overlooked in the man. If, while the child is passing through the school, if he be fortunate enough to find himself there, the development of his physical powers be deemed unworthy of the attention of those who have undertaken not only to teach but to train him, it cannot awaken surprise

that the absence of all sanitary arrangements in the house, in which as a man he is required to live, or in the shop, the warehouse, or the factory, in which he is called to work, should supply conclusive evidence that the designers of them never contemplated the healthful action of the several parts of which his wonderfully-constructed body is composed.

Nor have we to deplore only the loss of possible improvement. Through the absence of proper sanitary arrangements, such as a Government cannot deny to its subjects without the infliction of positive injustice, an active deteriorating influence is ever at work in extending physical imperfections, which not only diminish the happiness of the individuals suffering, but limit their power of serving the nation at large. Not more dependent is the human frame, for its healthful growth and vigorous action, upon the maintenance of a proper measure of strength in each of its constituent parts, than the body politic is dependent for its full and symmetrical development, its power of making and sustaining well-directed effort, upon the healthful condition, morally, mentally, and physically, of its several members. Providence is retributive, and as certainly as a parent suffers, sooner or later, in his purse and his peace of mind,

when negligent of his children, a nation suffers in its resources and social happiness by the lack of a wise superintendence over every class and every age.

But other causes co-operate in the production of the same results. Amongst them stands prominent, ill-requited labour. In England, just as much as in Australia and California, men are gold-seekers. Nor, in their haste to be rich, do they stop to mark the sufferings by the infliction of which, upon others, their success is frequently achieved. To swell their profits, wages are kept down to the greatest possible extent. The public, often thoughtless, anxious to secure the largest amount of indulgence at the smallest cost, aid them in their efforts. But wages cannot be lowered beyond a certain point without inflicting injuries which stay not with the individuals first suffering. The body is weakened in many cases for life. Enfeebled parents give birth to a less vigorous offspring than might have been produced, and thus one of the results of that system which seeks to cheapen every thing, and when it has been cheapened to make it yet cheaper, is, that our countrymen, instead of rising in the scale of physical development, are sinking, in many districts, lower and lower. Men and women and children,

badly housed, ill fed, imperfectly clad, and compelled to work on without the chance of even a moderate amount of healthful recreation, cannot but sink, no matter from what race they have sprung. Saxon men have no secret power in their bodies which can act, in maintaining physical beauty and vigour, as a compensation for the absence of a proper amount of the beneficent light of heaven, the want of good and sufficient food, the lack of a couch on which the body can really rest in the short intervals of labour, or which can supply the place of that joy in the present, and of that hope for the future which, in the externally prosperous, are health and strength.

As yet, however, I have written only of mind as found in the nation at large, and have hinted at some of the ways in which the knowledge of the few may be made available for the physical elevation of the many. But there remains yet another view of our subject. If we would increase and economize the national wealth, including under that general expression the minds and bodies of the poor, not only must the minds of the educated and enlightened devise, and give effect to, plans which may secure to every class the largest amount of social comfort, compatible with the existence of different ranks, but there must be placed in each

body an educated mind. The minds of the rich may act beneficially upon the bodies of the poor in procuring for them better dwellings, better food, better clothing, in a word, more suitable domestic arrangements; but the work will only be half accomplished if provision be not made for securing to each body of man, woman, and child, a mind capable of directing aright its energies. As matters now stand, the governed are often punished for what the governors have made them.

In the life of Dr. Arnold, there is a letter from the pen of one who seems to have formed the justest estimate of that eminent man's character, and who in giving that estimate has enunciated principles of the very highest order and of the most extensive application. He writes,—“Dr. Arnold's great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man's feeling about life, a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and

his own self and his work and mission in this world.

“All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold’s character, as well as its striking truth and reality ; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kind, and the sense he had of its value, both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual.

“Thus pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated ; none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and of awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God had assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold’s most characteristic features as a trainer of youth. His hold on all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me.”

Now this is what is wanted in every department of education, whether that education be given in the university, the public school, the private seminary, or in the institutions which have been founded for the special benefit of the poor. We

want earnestness, responsibility, reality. There *is* a work for every one to do, be he rich or be he poor. The man who feels this will respect himself, however lowly the station which he occupies. And he who respects himself will respect others. But he will do more: in the blessed consciousness of possessing a power to benefit others, he will find a sense of responsibility, which in itself will stimulate to action.

But not alone in the school must man be taught to feel that he has a mission, and that life is a blessed reality. He must be taught it in the intercourse of social life, and in all the arrangements of the national organization. To treat a poor man as though he had no interest in our national institutions, or as though he could do nothing towards increasing the sum of the nation's prosperity, is the surest way of destroying his patriotism and of converting him into an alien.

If, however, we examine with care the existing state of things, we cannot but see that there is an utter absence of all arrangements fitted to awaken and sustain feelings such as I have just referred to. Everywhere we see in operation a sort of forensic expediency which permits the most unblushing dishonesty, which makes life a stage, and the movements of our elaborately constructed

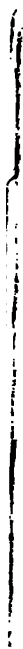
constitution a mere farce. There is nothing *real*. Theoretically few will deny that every man has his mission, and yet where shall we find men acting upon the conviction? If every man has his mission, each must have a special adaptation for some particular kind of work ; but it has required failures of the most disastrous character to force upon the attention, even of the thinking few, the wholesome maxim,—the man for the place, and not the place for the man. There are men for every work. If there be needed improved lodging and dwelling houses for the poor ; if the wants of a constantly-increasing population call for an improved system in cultivating the ground ; if the growth of a *criminal class* call imperatively for a reorganization of prison discipline ; if the mournful spread of mental disease make men anxious to discover and apply the most effectual means for restoring reason to the insane ; if the benevolence of the age wish to provide for the sick in our hospitals a softer pillow ; if remunerative employment upon a larger scale be required at home ; if the tide of emigration require to be guided with the greatest advantage both to those who are borne upon it, and to the countries to which they are carried ; if departments of government, proved to be ill-adapted to the purposes for which they

were established, are to be remodelled ; or, if a mighty war, undertaken in the cause of freedom, is to be carried to a successful issue, there exist men for each and every one of these works. Impediments may exist which prevent these men from finding and reaching their posts. A mockery may be constantly practised by telling men that each has his mission, and at the same time effectually hindering many from fulfilling their mission. Still each man *has* his mission, and for every work to be done there are agents, heaven-endowed men, who only need the opportunity for developing their powers, and applying them to the general good.

One of the disastrous effects of our popular theories upon race has been a reluctance to learn from other nations. Never, however, did national pride, which is often nothing more than the pride of race, receive a sterner rebuke, than the Anglo-Saxon pride of our own country has received during the last few months. Englishmen have discovered that they may not only learn from the once-hated Frenchman, but even from the despised Russian. Well will it be for us if the lesson thus taught be not soon forgotten. Whatever interested flatterers may say, depend upon it all social and political virtue is not with us. We may have

much to teach, but we have much also to learn; and our truest wisdom will be manifested in comparing our institutions with those of other nations, striving to detect in their failures our own imperfections, avoiding their errors, adopting their excellences, and improving, if possible, upon their improvements. Sprung originally from one stock, men may yet be led onwards and upwards towards one standard of perfection. But ere this can be done that jealousy of race, which has made one man an oppressor and another a slave, must be destroyed. Each must be willing to sustain two characters,—that of learner and that of teacher. The education for which man is now craving is an unselfish one. The age demands that the disposal of honours and rewards should be committed to an honest hand, guided by a mind capable of discerning merit wherever possessed, and anxious to exalt virtue by whomsoever displayed. When this is attained, every man will be willing to stand as a sentry to his own post, guarding the happiness and the lives of others as well as his own; an earnest love will fill the heart; contentment will beam in the countenance; a religious truthfulness will preside over the life; and, in the elevation of each of its members, the nation will be exalted.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

[1.] *Connaught and Africa.* Page 3.

DEAN Milman's History of Latin Christianity helps to elucidate Dr. Tuthill's impressions on the African visitors from the nomadic tribes, and the introduction of Latin Christianity, as it rocked hither and thither from its cradle on the Nile. Up to the end of the last century, Latin was very extensively taught and often fluently spoken among the humbler classes in Ireland; even the hedge school-master taught what is called "Bog-Latin," with some pretensions towards a classical precision.

Greek Christianity had also reached its ecclesiastical pre-eminence in Africa, and the four Gospels were preached in Ireland, as early as the year 561. The Queen and Prince Consort had the privilege of placing their signatures to the most antiquated British relic of Gospel truth during their visit to the Great Industrial Exhibition of Dublin in 1853.

Dean Milman proves distinctly that Rome was not the European source of Christianity. It is strange to learn, even now, that the Irish missionaries, Columbkil and Columbanus, were among the earliest European apostles directing souls to follow in the footprints of Christ.

The intercourse and relationship between the varied tribes is now becoming more apparent through the different sources of investigation. For instance, the comparative philologist has discovered the connecting link in the chain of *all* languages, even those spoken by the dark-skinned and fair-skinned races, which are only modulations of a mother tongue, passing like the twelve tribes from one parentage, again to send out branches and tongues to confound us for our disobedience; yet God is now revealing the affinity by endowing man with a more marvellous memory and a more rhythmical ear, so that he may the more readily discern the comparative structure and science of language. Women excel more in the gift of tongues than men, and we freely allow them their peculiar province as linguists!

[2.] *Page 14. "In Hibernia omni philosophia
animum componit."*

"When every ray of knowledge was extinguished in Europe, Ireland, in her insular home, had her seminaries and colleges, and bestowed gratuitous

instruction on foreigners. It was thus that while native genius was fostered, foreign talents received liberal encouragement and accommodation free of expense. Men eminent in every department of literature were produced. Of these none have been more celebrated than Johannes Erigena, the preceptor and counsellor of Alfred the Great,* a profound theologian and philosopher, *who opposed the doctrine of the Real Presence*, and was the first who blended the scholastic theology with the mystic, and formed them into one. 'The philosophy and logic that were taught in the European schools in the ninth century scarcely deserved such honourable titles, and were little better than an empty jargon. There were, however, to be found in various places, *particularly among the Irish*, men of acute parts and extensive knowledge, who were perfectly well entitled to the appellation of philosophers. The chief of them was Johannes Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland, the friend and companion of Charles the Bald. He taught the rudiments of *Phrenology* in his noble work *Margarita Philosophiæ*, or *The Pearl of Philosophy*. Feargil, which the Irish latinized into Virgilius, afterwards Bishop of Saltzburg, *was the first who asserted the sphericity of the earth and the doctrine of the antipodes, for which heretical opinion he was expelled the church by Pope Boniface!* Both these illustrious men lived before Wickliff, Luther,

* Bede. Camden. Mosheim. Malmsbury.

Galileo, and Copernicus, and were consequently the discoverers of the reformed systems of religion and astronomy which produced such wonderful effects throughout Europe.’”

[3.] *Page 77.*

We give the following legend from the pen of Lady Chatterton, written as recited by one of the wandering bards of Erin in his own rich impassioned language, as a specimen of Irish innate eloquence and brilliancy in diction :

“In ancient days, when the Roman Emperor Adrian had a wall built across Britain to keep his hold over that country, we had a glorious King of our own, who reigned over the whole of Ireland ; his name was Tuathal,* and he was the greatest monarch who ever caused the golden stone to groan at his coronation.†

* Tuthill is believed to be a corruption of Tuathal.

† “This stone,” says Ware, “was brought by the Tuatha de Denains into Ireland, and was used at the coronation of their Kings. It is pretended that during the ceremony an astonishing noise or groan issued from it. This wonderful stone was lent by a King of Ireland to Fergus MacEark, King of Albania, in Scotland, in order to render the ceremony of his inauguration more solemn : unfortunately it never returned to Ireland. Keneth had it placed in a wooden chair, in which the Kings of Scotland sat at the time of their coronation in the Abbey of Scone ; whence it was forcibly transferred by Edward I. of England and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it

"His forefathers had governed Ireland for upwards of a thousand years, since the days of his great ancestor Milesius.

"In his time the Royal Palace at Tara was the abode of all the beauty and bravery, both of our own land and from foreign parts. The song of the bard and the music of harps were never silent.

"The King's two daughters, Daireen and Fithir, were so lovely that no prince in all the world was thought good enough to be their husbands. They had been instructed by the Queen, their mother, who was the daughter of the King of Finland, in all the curious arts of the time.

"Daireen, the eldest, was like a swan; her voice was sweeter than any harp in the hall; and so full of wisdom were her words, that not only were those in the palace always watching to catch the sound, but it was said, that 'a voice from the kingdom of souls' (that which we now call echo) used to repeat her sayings to those outside the walls.

sometimes causes a great echo. Otherwise it is silent, for it is not the stone on which the Milesian Kings and Queens were crowned. O'Donovan thinks the virtue is still in Ireland in the "*flat sculptured stone of Tara*," and not the plain square stone of Scone. Dr. Petrie is of the same opinion as O'Donovan as regards the Westminster stone not being the Royal stone, and claims the title for the *circular pillar-stone* on the mound of the Hostages, which now forms a head-stone to the grave of 37 Irishmen who were shot during the rebellion of 1798.—*Vide "History and Antiquities of Tara Hill," also O'Donovan's Letters.*

'On her soft cheek, with tender bloom,
The rose its tint bestowed ;
And in her richer lip's perfume
The ripened berry glowed.

'Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the cygnet's breast ;
With that majestic, graceful air,
In snow and softness drest.

'Gold gave its rich and radiant die,
And in her tresses flowed ;
And, like a freezing star, her eye
With heaven's own splendour glowed.'

"Fithir, the youngest sister, was gentle as a cooing dove, and fairer and more modest than the snowdrop in spring—

'Bright her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair and sweetly flowing ;
And her eyes of smiling blue—
Oh ! how soft—how heavenly glowing !'

"She was several years younger than her sister, whom she adored with all the veneration due to a superior being. Indeed, so fond were these two royal maidens of each other, that it was said by some, that the reason they refused the hand of many illustrious monarchs was that they might never be separated. Others believed that they had made a vow to dedicate their lives to each other, and to the service of their God.

"Daireen, who was proud and haughty to all the world, was gentle as a lamb to her lovely sister ; while Fithir would overcome the timidity of her

disposition to accompany the more adventurous Daireen when she went to chase the wild deer in the forest.

“The most valorous and handsome youth of that glorious age was the Prince of Leinster. He often visited at the court of his royal kinsman, and was sure to win the prize of all martial exercises, as well as the oak-leaf crown, which was bestowed by the fair hand of the princesses themselves, for the best songs and poems.

“Above all, he excelled in calling forth tones from the harp, which were said to draw tears from the starry eyes of the haughty Daireen; and that this lady, who had never looked on any other man but to command, and who caused even the great king her father sometimes to quail beneath the glance of her dark eye, was seen once to smile on the young prince; and yet, strange to say, the Prince of Leinster was the only visitor at the court who had not sought the hand of either Princess.

“Some thought that he was perplexed between the loveliness, and knew not which to choose. Fithir, indeed, looked on the handsome youth with admiration, as well she might; but she seldom addressed a word to him, though she seemed to enjoy listening to his eloquent discourse with her sister.

“At last, a change came over the Princess Daireen: she was no longer the oracle of the court; the roses forsook her cheek, her harp

became unstrung, and the heart of her father was sad. The noble youths who had been proudly refused by her were delighted to see this, and many were the hopes her softening manner gave rise to.

“Some say, that about this time the Prince of Leinster declared his love for the gentle Fithir, and that he was rejected either by the maiden herself or the king her father, who would not suffer the younger to marry before the elder. How this was can never be known; but, however, it came to pass that, after a time, the Prince of Leinster and the beautiful Daireen were married.

“The nuptials were splendid; for eight days and eight nights the sound of music and mirth never ceased in all Ireland; and the many brilliant colours of the robes worn by the joyful people caused the face of the country to look like a rainbow.

“At the end of this time, the young prince conducted his bride to his own palace in Leinster; and both he and Daireen implored permission to take the Princess Fithir with them, but the king was unwilling to part with her.

“Poor Fithir was inconsolable for the loss of Daireen; all the joyousness of her heart fled; she who had always until this moment been the light and life of Tara’s halls, and the joy of her father’s soul, now secluded herself from dance and song, and devoted her whole time to the service of her God.

"A gloom was cast on the hitherto brilliant court, and neither minstrels nor tournaments enlivened the silent palace.

"The King caused physicians and others noted for their skill in the healing art to try and restore the spirits of his darling child; but nothing would succeed. At last, the Queen, who knew how little medicine can avail when the mind is sad, and who was well aware that the heart of Fithir was bound up in the absent Daireen, implored the King to allow them to visit the young pair in Leinster.

"He consented; and preparations were making for the royal progress, when the melancholy tidings reached them that the Princess Daireen had died in giving birth to her first-born son.

"Soon afterwards the Prince of Leinster visited Tara. He was attired in the deepest mourning, and every one was struck with the change his inconsolable grief had made in his appearance. He was gloomy and sullen; no one ventured to speak of Daireen in his presence—the sound of her name seemed intolerable to him.

"When poor Fithir contemplated the change which sorrow had wrought on the countenance of her brother-in-law, she exerted herself to control her own anguish, that she might comfort him. He had brought with him the infant of her adored sister, and Fithir never suffered it to depart a moment from her sight. King Tuathal, although he suffered intensely from the loss of his beloved daughter, was glad to see that Fithir, though at

first nearly overwhelmed by the agony of this sudden blow, seemed roused by it from the state of hopeless lethargy into which she had been plunged since Daireen's departure. The care of her sister's child had given her some object in life; and, though her soft blue eyes were often bedewed with tears, she would smile on the beautiful infant, and caress it for hours.

"Soon the Prince of Leinster talked of returning to his own territory. Fithir joined her entreaties with those of the King, that he would leave his child at Tara. But the youthful father refused; and, indeed, no one wondered at his unwillingness to part with all that remained to him of the beautiful Daireen—the dear pledge of their love, the only object which could cast a ray of joy over his widowed days.

"On the day previous to the one fixed for his departure, he had a long interview with Fithir. Many were the tears they shed together over the unconscious babe, who smiled innocently upon them both.

"Perhaps the widowed Prince thought it cruel to separate Fithir from the object of their love, whose little arms were so often clasped round her snowy neck; and therefore he lingered day after day, month after month, at the palace. It began to be surmised at last, that he was as much in love with Fithir as he had been with her beautiful sister, and succeeded in gaining her affections, and obtaining her father's consent to their nuptials; and soon

the rumour was confirmed by the preparations for the marriage.

“The wedding was as splendid as that of Daireen’s; but tradition says, there was a gloom over the whole scene. The harp of the chief bard suddenly broke, while he was chanting the marriage hymn; and the airs to which the guests danced at night sounded like mournful dirges; the brilliantly-illuminated halls became dim, and the torches outside refused to burn.

“However, all these ill omens, which were considered to bode bad luck by the sages of the court, did not seem to attract the attention of the young couple, and if the Prince of Leinster was not so joyous a bridegroom as formerly, it was no wonder, considering how recently he had buried the beautiful Daireen.

“Fithir, though timid and retiring, had from her youth been of a joyous disposition; and the King and Queen forgot all their sorrow in witnessing the restored health and beauty of the beloved princess. They saw her depart for her splendid home in Leinster without regret, resolving before long to visit her there.

“Fithir was received with enthusiasm by her husband’s subjects, flowers were strewed beneath her steps, and she found every thing in the palace as splendid as all she was accustomed to at her father’s court; but nothing could cause her to forget the dear sister whom she had loved so deeply.

“ Often did she visit the cairn that covered her remains, and she would take the infant prince to weep over it with her ; but she could never prevail upon her husband to accompany her in her daily visits to the grave ; indeed, he often chid her for allowing anything to disturb the serenity of her life, and never suffered Daireen’s name to be mentioned.

“ One evening, about six months after their marriage, as Fithir was returning through a lonely part of the garden from her sister’s grave, she heard sounds of distress. They seemed to proceed from a tower which flanked the ancient part of the old castle, which she understood had not been inhabited since the death of the late prince.

“ Fithir paused to listen ; and then urged by curiosity and a wish to relieve the sufferer, attempted to clamber up the steep bank on which the tower was situated. But the increasing darkness rendered this difficult ; and the timidity of her disposition made her fearful of, she knew not what. There was something, too, so melancholy in those plaintive sounds, that it inspired her with a vague apprehension. Could it be the spirit of her sister which hovered over this spot ? She was accustomed to think of Daireen as in a state of bliss—she well knew the purity of her mind ; her great comfort was in considering that she was in the enjoyment of the happy hereafter they had so often talked of together.

“ Could that dear sister be suffering from the

omission of some rite or sacrifice, and thus have incurred the vengeance of one of the offended gods?

“Full of painful and perplexing thoughts, she returned to the castle. There was a brilliant entertainment that evening, but Fithir’s heart was sad; she longed for the last guest to depart, that she might tell all her fears to the husband who knew and entered into her very thought and feeling.

“The time at length arrived; but no sooner had she begun her tale than she was alarmed at the dark and gloomy expression that lowered on her husband’s brow. He rebuked her angrily, and refused to listen to the excuses the trembling princess endeavoured to make for having offended him. He hurried out of the apartment, after having extorted from her a promise never to mention her sister’s name.

“Fithir loved her husband with all the ardour of her affectionate nature; but the memory of her sister was to her so hallowed, that she was miserable at his prohibition.

“It was no unusual thing in those pagan times to marry a kinswoman or sister of the deceased, which custom was probably derived from our ancestors the Egyptians, who received many ideas of religion from Moses and the Israelites. This being customary, Fithir never imagined that the prince’s conscience could be troubled by the idea of having given a successor to his first wife; nor had she felt any compunction herself at having stepped

into her sister's place, because she was thereby fulfilling a sacred duty.

"There was in the castle an old attendant, who had accompanied Daireen to Leinster, and who was ardently attached to both princesses; but her spirits had never recovered the death of Daireen, and she seldom came into the presence of Fithir unless summoned to attend her.

"To this old lady, whose name was Scotsa, the princess now confided her cares, and the next evening was accompanied by her in her pilgrimage to her sister's tomb.

"On their return, they passed near the old tower, but no sounds of lamentation were heard; days and weeks passed away, no mysterious sound again reached the ears of Fithir, and she began to reproach herself for having disturbed her husband's mind by her vain imaginings. She redoubled her attentions to him, and peace and happiness seemed again restored.

"To add to her joy, the King and Queen were expected on a visit, and the delighted Fithir, attended by old Scotsa, was taking her diversion in the beautiful gardens of the palace. Her dear sister's child could now walk alone, and began to delight her with its innocent prattle. She was in expectation of soon being a mother herself, but she doubted whether her love would be so intense even for her own offspring as for the little Heremon, who had quite the features of her adored sister. It was the first time the prince had been absent since their

marriage; and with that tenderness, mingled with sadness, which a first separation from a beloved object sometimes causes, she indulged in reflections on the amiable part of her husband's character, and the blissfulness of her lot.

"As she gazed on the beautiful views, and the distant mountains where her lord was sporting, little Heremon rambled towards the bank on which the ruined tower was situated, and in childish waywardness had clambered up almost to the summit of the precipitous bank. The old attendant Scotá was the first to perceive his dangerous situation; and, prudently abstaining from screaming, she called her lady's attention to him. They both followed as quickly as they could climb up the perilous ascent. Fithir's nimble feet first reached the boy, and clasping him in her arms she returned thanks to the gods for his preservation.

"But to descend was not so easy; and, after a fruitless attempt, she desisted, and resolved to try and reach the summit. It was with considerable difficulty, while holding the child on one arm, that she at last reached a sort of recess near the bank, but below the foundation of the old tower wall. This recess she found to be a grated aperture or window: it was too closely barred to allow of her passing through; and, seeing no other means of escape, she called to Scotá to send some attendants with a ladder, to rescue her from this dangerous and dizzy height. Scotá flew to execute her

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bidding ; and Fithir sat down on the window-sill, to repose after her fatiguing effort.

“ Was it fancy, or did she really hear that plaintive voice within which had once before met her ears ? No, it was not the wind ;—a dying voice seemed to pronounce her own name. Fithir shuddered : ‘ Am I so soon then to die ? ’ said she, caressing the child ; ‘ cannot I live to see thee a man ? ’ Again, ‘ Fithir ! dearest Fithir ! ’ was distinctly pronounced. ‘ I will come to thee, my sister, my love, ’ said the weeping princess.

“ You must know that, in those old days, people were said to hear their own name pronounced, before they died, by the voice of the dearest friend who was gone before them to the land of spirits. Fithir’s first thought, therefore, naturally was that her summons was come and her days in this world were numbered. She listened breathlessly, expecting to hear once more the spirit’s voice : but it was no sound from the abode of the departed that again met her ear. No, this time the conviction was too strong, that those were the living, suffering, plaintive accents of a mortal, to admit of a doubt.

“ ‘ Fithir, my own darling sister, come to me ; I am dying ! ’ was uttered in still fainter and more imploring tones.

“ At this moment the attendants arrived with a ladder. The first impulse of the bewildered Fithir was to cause the bars of the window to be broken in. Trembling with awe and apprehension, she

entered the dark chamber, and caused a diligent search to be made. A torch was procured, and by its light a narrow staircase was discovered. A low moaning seemed to proceed from overhead. Fithir, in an agony of expectation, was the first to mount the stairs, and soon found herself in a small low room, faintly illuminated by a narrow slit in the wall.

“On the ground, lay a pale and emaciated form; and in this wreck of mortality Fithir recognized her beloved sister. In a moment they were clasped in each other’s arms. Neither spoke for a length of time. Old Scota and the astonished servants stood gazing with speechless horror, not knowing whether the wretched object they beheld was the real frame or the spiritual shadow of their once beautiful mistress.

“The two sisters wept, and then smiled through their tears, as if for some time unmindful of any thing in this world but the intoxication of meeting. Perhaps, indeed, both were instinctively afraid to speak, lest the charm of seeing each other should be broken—lest some fearful mystery should be unravelled, which might plunge them in unspeakable woe.

“It was as if they lingered on the brow of a precipice, down which they were destined to be hurled, resolved to make the most of the last moments of life, before the blessed light of another day was quenched for ever.

“But at last the sinking frame of Daireen could

no longer support itself: the joy which had been excited at the sight of her sister had brought a glow to her hollow cheek—a hectic, like the fever-spot, which burns brighter the moment before it is extinguished. Her eyes closed. It was then that Fithir, in agony at the apprehension of losing again her beloved sister, exclaimed, ‘Dearest Daireen, who has done this? who is the wretch that has inflicted this dreadful doom?’

“‘Ah! who, indeed?’ groaned Daireen; then, starting up with supernatural force, she exclaimed, ‘Tell me who is my rival, that I may hurl the imprecation of Heaven on her guilty head! Who—who has deprived me of my husband’s love?’

“‘Rival! can it then be? the Prince of Leinster—can he know of this?’

“‘Know of it! it was his arms that dragged me here, that cast my struggling form into this horrid dungeon. It is for him I live—yes, for vengeance on him, the father of my child.’

“Stunned by the dreadful disclosure these words conveyed, Fithir sank upon the dungeon floor. Her husband—her idol—he whom she thought so perfect! It was too much.

“They ran to raise her from the dungeon floor: she was dead!

“Daireen’s shattered frame retained the weary spirit only long enough to learn that it was the prince’s guilty passion for her dear sister that had caused her sufferings. Too soon the fatal truth was told; but, far from cherishing revenge against

her innocent rival, she clung with the energy of despair to the lifeless form of her lovely sister, and her last sigh was breathed upon the bosom of her childhood's friend.

"The vengeance of King Tuathal was terrible: he invaded, at the head of a large army, the possessions of his guilty son-in-law; and, not content with this, he desolated the whole province, and levied a tribute on the kingdom of Leinster, resolved that all the subjects for succeeding generations should suffer for the guilt of the prince.

"This tribute was the cause of most of the misfortunes and civil wars in Ireland. Though sixteen centuries have rolled over our old country, we have still cause to lament the guilty passion of the Prince of Leinster—the fatal beauty of Fithir and Daireen."

* Otway's History of Grace O'Mealey exhibits two Saxon characteristics—*self-reliance* and *oceanic love*—in the Irish Celt.

"Grace O'Mealey, which has been corrupted into Grana Uaile, was the daughter of Brenhaun Crone O'Maille, tanist or chieftain of that district of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay, and comprising its multitude of isles. This district is still called by the old people, the Uisles of O'Mealey; and its lord, owning, as he did, a great extent of coast, and

* The reader is requested to read this note in connection with the remarks upon the theory of Drs. Ellis and Knox, on page 144. The reference was accidentally omitted from the text.

governing an adventurous sea-faring people, had good claim to his motto, 'TERRA MARIQUE POTENS.' Breanhaun Crone O'Maille, dying early, left a son and a daughter—the son but a child—the daughter, just ripening into womanhood, seemed to have a character suited to seize the reins of government, and rule over this rude and brave people. Setting aside, then, at once the laws of tanistry, that confined the rule to the nearest male of the family, she took upon her, not only the government, but the generalship of her sept, and far exceeded all her family in exploits as a sea-rover; and from her success, whether as smuggler or pirate, as the case might be, she won the name of Grace of the Heroes. Acting in this wild and able way, she soon gathered round her all the outlaws and adventurers that abounded in the islands, and from the daring strokes of policy she made, and the way in which she bent to her purpose the conflicting interests of the English government and the Irish races, she was called the Gambler. As a matter of policy, she took for her first husband O'Flaherty, Prince of Connemara; and there is reason to suppose that the grey mare, proving the better horse, the castle in Lough Corrib was near lost to the Joyces, by O'Flaherty the Cock, but was saved and kept by Grana the Hen, hence it got the name, which it yet retains, of Krishlane na Kirca—The Hen's Castle. Be this as it may, Grana's husband, the Prince of Connemara, dying soon, she was free to make another connexion, and in this also she seems to

have consulted more her politics than her affections, and became the wife of Sir Richard Bourke, the M'William Eighter. Tradition hands down a singular item of the marriage contract. The marriage was to last for certain (what said the Pope to this?) but one year, and if, at the end of that period, either said to the other, 'I dismiss you,' the union was dissolved. It is said that during that year Grana took good care to put her own creatures into garrison in all M'William's eastward castles that were valuable to her, and then, one fine day, as the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of Corrig-a-Howly, near Newport, Grana spied him, and cried out the dissolving words—'I dismiss you.' We are not told how M'William took the snapping of the matrimonial chain; it is likely that he was not sorry to have a safe riddance of such a virago. We shortly after this find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bingham against the Bourkes, and doing battle with the English. The O'Mealeys, on this occasion, turned the fortune of the day in favour of the President of Connaught, and most of the M'William leaders being taken prisoners, six of them were hanged next day at Cloghan Lucas, 'in order to strengthen the English interest.' It is probable that it was in gratitude for this signal aid afforded to her lieutenant, that Queen Elizabeth invited Grana over to the English court; and it certainly confirms the Irishwoman's character for decision and firmness that she accepted the invitation of the Saxon, of whose faithfulness the Irish

nation had but a low opinion. Accordingly Grana sailed from Clare Island, and before she arrived at the port of Chester was delivered of a son, the issue of the marriage with M'William Eighter. He being born on ship-board was hence named Tohaduah na Lung, or Toby of the Ship, from whom sprung the Viscounts Mayo. It must have been a curious scene, the interview at Hampton Court between the wild woman of the west and the 'awe-commanding, lion-ported' Elizabeth. Fancy Grana, in her loose attire, consisting of a chemise, containing thirty yards of yellow linen, wound round her body, with a mantle of frieze, coloured madder-red, flung over one shoulder, with her wild hair twisted round a large golden pin as her only head-gear, standing with her red legs unstockinged, and her broad feet unshod, before the stiff and stately Tudor, dressed out (as we see her represented in the portraits of that day) with stays, stomacher, and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo—what a 'tableau vivant' this must have been! and then Grana, having made a bow, and held out her bony hand, horny as it was, with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held, to sister Elizabeth (as she called her), sat down with as much self-possession and self-respect as an American Indian chief would now before the President of the United States. Elizabeth, observing Grana's fondness for snuff, which, though a practice newly introduced, she had picked up in her smuggling enterprises, and perceiving her incon-

venienched as snuffers usually are when wanting a pocket-handkerchief, presented her with one richly embroidered, which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly, and cast it away carelessly, and when asked by Sir Walter Raleigh why she treated the gift of her Majesty in such a way, the answer of the wild Irish girl was of that coarseness that ought not to be read by ears polite. Moreover, Elizabeth was not happy in the presents which she proffered to the Vanathess; she ordered a lap-dog, led by a silken band, to be given her. 'What's this for?' says Grana. 'Oh, it is a sagacious, playful, faithful little creature: it will lie in your lap.' 'My lap!' says Grana: 'it's little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing:—keep it to yourself, Queen of the English, it is only fit for such idlers as you: you may, if it likes you, fool away your day with such vermin.' 'Oh, but,' says Elizabeth, 'Grana, you are mistaken, I am not idle; I have the care of a great nation on my shoulders.' 'May be so,' says Grana, 'but as far as I can see of your ways, there's many a poor creature in Mayo, who has only the care of a barley-field, has more industry about them than you seem to have.' Of course Elizabeth dismissed her soon: she offered, at her last audience, to create her a countess. 'I don't want your titles,' says Grana, 'ar'n't we both equals? if there be any good in the thing I may as well make you one as you me. Queen of England, I want nothing from you—enough for me it is to be at the head of my nation:

but you may do what you like with my little son, Toby of the Ship, who has Saxon blood in his veins, and may not be dishonoured by a Saxon title :—I will remain as I am, Grana O'Maille of the Uisles.'

"It was on her return from England, and when driven by stress of weather into the small harbour of Howth, that the often-told circumstance occurred respecting the abduction of the young St. Lawrence. Landing from her vessel, she and some of her followers proceeded to the castle and demanded admission ; but were refused, on the ground that the noble owner was at his dinner and could not be disturbed. 'Oh, the Saxon churl!' says Grana, 'it's well seen he has not a drop of Irish blood in his big body : but he shall smart for it!' And so he did: for Grana, on her return to her vessel, entering into a comfortable cottage, and finding therein a beautiful boy, the eldest son of the baron (who was out to nurse, according to the Irish fashion), she carried him off, and brought him with her to her western land ; where she kept him many a day, and did not restore him until, besides receiving a large ransom, she made the stipulation, that whenever a Lord of Howth sat at his dinner his doors should remain open for the admission of strangers. It is said that the St. Lawrences have kept to the covenant ever since: if so, the observance in its spirit of open hospitality may explain why the lords of Howth are not the wealthiest of our nobility.

"Grana, on her return, continued to strengthen

her power, and had strongholds guarding all the harbours along the coast of Mayo; and so active and vigilant was she, that it is said that in her castle at Clare Island, where her swiftest vessels were stationed, the cable of her chief galley was passed through a hole made for that purpose in the wall, and fastened to her bedpost, in order that she might be the more readily alarmed in case of an attempted surprise. At her death, it would appear that the power which was but concentrated by individual vigour and ability dissolved with the spirit that gave it energy."

[4.] *Drs. M'Elheran and Knox. Page 93.*

The following Letters, written by men regarded generally as authorities upon the subject of which they treat, will well illustrate the extreme contrariety of opinion which has prevailed upon the relative value of the Saxon and Celtic races, and, if I mistake not, will help to make manifest the folly of restricting excellence to the one, or of fixing degradation upon the other.

"To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—Until I found you wilfully shutting your eyes, I was bound to assume that your contempt of the Celtic race arose from ignorance, and in my former letters, which you have smothered, I treated you with as much courtesy as if you were a great advocate of truth. But now I see you have a

persisting prejudice. What is he, this 'god-like Anglo-Saxon,' whom you insultingly hawk about the world as an object of worship? From a long and careful examination of the race I can tell what the Saxon is—a flaxen-haired, bullet-headed, pig-eyed, huge-faced, long-backed, pot-bellied, bad-legged, stupid, slavish, lumbering, sulky boor, whose moral state is a disgrace and regret to England. This is the prevailing character of your Saxon population, who form a wretched and decreasing minority, and who are physically and morally the same as when first they came prowling from the forests of the north. During the last three centuries they have been sinking into their normal state. The purest Saxon and Danish blood is in the north east; and there, before the union with Scotland, Macaulay says the women might be seen seated on the ground chanting a wild melody, and the men half-naked, dancing a war dance and brandishing their daggers. The Saxons were always a minority in Britain, and, according to the principle of Quetelet, must have been decreasing yearly, independent of the fact, that the Germanic influx was cut off, and increasing immigration of Welsh, Irish, Scotch, and French set in. Just a year ago I proved in a letter to the *Manchester Courier* the inferiority of the Saxon elements, and I can now refer to Dr. Latham's work, just out, for a confirmation of my views. In my address to the British Association I proved, by historical reasons and living facts, that your Saxons hold a very

inferior position in number and importance. There are some fine men amongst them, and they are capable of improvement; but they have not the cranial capacity nor the physical energy of a dominant race. Their inferiority of complexion and figure, their obesity, their weak legs and scanty beard, their small brain in proportion to their long spine and large flat faces, are marks of inferiority. The best of your people are Britons and Gauls, and Highland Scots, who as masters or foremen invariably walk over the heads of your Saxons; the hard-working Irish who push your clodhoppers out of the labour market in docks, railways, and factories, and will ferret your Saxons out of the coal mines, as they are doing in the south of Scotland, or whenever they are placed on an equal footing in regard to education, &c. The intelligent and progressive English are Celts of 'various hues,' as ancient historians and bards described them, as their geographical position would lead us to infer, and as proved by the appearance of our Celtic clans and families of purest blood. Celtic children vary in colour not as the Saxons, who are all sandy or hay coloured. Nearly all the greatest men, whose names adorn English and Scottish history, had the Celtic characteristics—long cranium, high and expressive features, dark or warm complexion, spare and muscular frame—your Shakespeares, Newtons, Nelsons, Wellingtons; your Stephensons and men of enterprise; your great statesmen, authors, artists, &c. Go into any learned or illustrious

assembly in the kingdom, and you will find nine-tenths of the Celtic *physique*. The most Celtic parts of England and Scotland—as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow—are the most industrious and persevering.

“Sir, your Saxon tradition is false, and you are heaping dung on the graves of your forefathers; you are ballooning with a hoax, and I cannot expect that you will at once let the foul wind out of your vanity, and tumble down to the level of Celts whom you regard as inherently unprogressive, wretched, dirty, lazy, superstitious, murdering ruffians, a contrast to the ‘go-ahead Saxon,’ the noblest and best of created beings, ‘the foremost race on earth.’ Your blinded, almost blood-thirsty, hatred of the Irish, your ‘No Irish need apply,’ your gloating over the exterminations, and famine, and deaths in Ireland and the Highlands, your heartless, selfish speculations on the Celtic exodus from your rod of iron, and now your petty refusal to give an humble advocate fair play—a small space in your columns to a few simple facts—prove that your prejudice is not the result of mere ignorance but of wickedness. Your infidel, material theory of race, created and justifies oppression and assassination in Ireland. It makes landlord and tenant look upon each other as aliens. It excites persecution against the poor Irish in England and Scotland. It adds gall to sectarianism. It fulfils your heart’s desire of preserving castes—the policy of barbarian conquerors in all ages. You do well, sir, to fasten

the Saxon lie. It helps to set Orangemen and Ribbonmen to each other's throats. It splits the democracy. It flatters your sectarian vanity. According to your Cockney philosophy, the 'Hairy-stocracy' are created superfine—a higher species than the common herd of Highland Covenanters, Welsh Methodists, and Irish Papists, whose inferiority is the cause of their religious blindness and incapacity of appreciating tithe and high rents. The lathy, muscular, black-headed, long-headed, calculating, democratic Yankee, is he descended from your ill-made, slavish, stupid Saxon boor, with a mop of flax on his head? Of course the pilgrim fathers are Saxons to you, but somehow their children are Celts.

"Revelation and science teach me that Saxon and Celt are brothers, that degeneracy is the cause of peculiarities of race in both, and that both are capable of restoration. The Saxon has his good qualities, and fulfils a destiny. I don't hate him in priding himself, but I do detest your vile race of mongrels, who would be Saxon or Hottentot, because Irish is Celtic. In your jaundiced eyes, every great and good man is Saxon. You have the goodness to call the 'Dook' an Englishman, although his Celtic pedigree is staring you in the face, and his portrait is the facsimile of a true Highlander or Tipperary man. There was nothing Saxon about him; you have not the manly grace to confess: but a day may come when you will be forced to swallow the Celtic leek, look you, and to

sneak down from your bombastic and false position; until then I expect nothing but your old inflated nonsense and spiteful sneers about hopeless Celts.

"I am, yours, &c.,

"JOHN M'ELHERAN.

"*Belfast; Oct. 1, 1852.*"

From Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh.

Ireland contains in her Celtic population the elements of a great race, were she not politically enslaved. Manufactures of the highest order would spring up under *a healthy Government*; in the taste of her Celtic population the fine arts would meet a response and a people fitted for their cultivation. Her literature and science would keep pace with that of France, of which her population forms but a part; *and in Dublin we should have a miniature Paris.*

A *small job* displays, I think, the character of a statesman and of his Government better, I have always thought, than a large one; and I shall, therefore, state what the English Government has done for the Fine Arts in Ireland, that is, for a nation composed of men whose taste for Fine Arts stands as high as that of the Saxon is low and boorish,—a population carrying out their destiny as a race, but now sunk below all hopes of regeneration.

Some years ago the condition of the national taste, or, rather, want of taste, became the subject

of public discussion. It was then suggested that Boards sitting in London, offsets of one or other of the "*two Houses*," the joint-stock companies managing the affairs of the nation for a share of the good things with the Court, might do much to improve the public taste; it was one of the most disgusting of these Boards, the Commissioners of Fine Arts, connected with the wretched things called Schools of Design, which it pleased the Government to attempt the formation of, as usual, a hundred years after their universal establishment in civilized Europe. Is it not shameful, said some one, that in England and Scotland, the first of all manufacturing countries in the world, there should not be a single artist equal to the invention of a pattern for silks and cottons, shawls and kerchiefs, vests and ribbons? *A cunning jobber* asserted in the House, "that the reason of all this deplorable want of inventive genius and absence of the arts of design in the nation originated in our having no Schools of Design." Now this person, whoever he was, knew much better than this; he knew it lay in the character of the race; but it suited his views to say so. It flattered national vanity, the besetting evil of all nations; but, above all, it enabled him to get up a snug little Board of Commissioners, on the plan and principles of the "Board of Trade"—(trade in the Fine Arts!) It might even be associated with the Board of Health! Why not? We need not mind what Napoleon said; he is gone, and we are still here. Let us, therefore, get up a Board

or Commission, with the usual staff, perquisites, and patronage; take care that the real artists of Britain have nothing to do with it; exclude also the public, among whom troublesome persons occasionally appear; make it as snug as possible—it cannot be too close. A member or two of the Commons; two or three of the Lords; one or two of the Ministry for the time being; do not forget Sir Robert Peel, and a high and illustrious person whose taste for fat pigs and oxen, model houses and washhouses, proves him at once, independent of his exalted station, attained solely by his extraordinary merit and ability, to be the fittest person in the kingdom to be President and Chairman of all such Boards and Associations. Accordingly, and with these views, and based on these principles, the grasping spatular-fingered men in both Houses arrange the matter of schools of design. To any one not a statesman it would have occurred, that as we borrowed every thing of this kind from France—all patterns in silks, shawls, &c., from the Celtic population of France—why not encourage and employ their Celtic brethren in Ireland, the men unhappily called Irishmen? *There is the race; encourage and employ them,* and you will find their taste and inventive genius at least equal to their continental brethren. *Look even at the little they have been permitted to do; their poplin manufactures you cannot equal—cannot even approach; not even France, with all her high art, can manufacture a stuff equal to Irish poplin.* Why not,

then, commence with your schools of design in Ireland? Begin with the race where the national taste exists. Try them first. But the logic of common sense is one thing, and the views of English statesmen quite another. Accordingly, the *scheme* was, of course, commenced in England; naturally in London. Where could *a job* begun in St. Stephen's end so well as in Somerset house? But the brief history of the English schools of design; of the petition from Cork, about a year ago, to the Commissioners, that they would be graciously pleased to establish a school of design in Cork; and the delightful, statesmanlike answer of the English officials at Somerset house, "that so soon as the Board had information of the working of the school of design which the Honourable Board of Commissioners had about a year and a-half ago first established in *Dublin*, the Board would give to the petition from Cork all due consideration:"—the brief history, I repeat, of these English schools of design I must leave to my lecture on the Saxon race. In the meantime, I beseech my audience to ponder over a few facts, drawing from them unprejudiced conclusions. *For seven hundred years, Ireland has been more or less completely in the hands of England*; her population is chiefly *Celtic*, possessing indisputably all the good and bad qualities of the race. Amongst the good are a high taste for art; the Englishman despises this, I know; he is like a Dutchman, a utilitarian, and, therefore, I do not expect that mere English statesmen, Saxon

men, would care one farthing for any high taste in Ireland, *so long as she furnished her quota of men and money, rents and taxes, blood and treasure. But Irish—and, I presume, Celtic—men have figured as English Ministers, who ought to have known their race—heartless scoundrels, no doubt, ready at any time to sell the liberties of their country. They, of course, could not suggest anything for Ireland. And thus it happens that, after 700 years' possession, and in the year 1846 or 1847, a Government ruling six or seven millions of Celtic people actually does at last establish a school of design as an experiment (!) in Dublin, and promises another by-and-by to Cork, thus forming two for all Ireland—but not two yet! and this amongst millions of a race of the highest taste in the world! Ponder over these facts. They seem unimportant; you will be told they are so. A venal press will direct your attention to the six millions of money sent them lately. Ireland wants no money; she asks a firm government and justice. But the land (that is the question of all questions), the land of Ireland is in the hands of the Court; it belongs chiefly to a few courtiers. In this respect she resembles France in 1792. To the journalist and statesman I leave the questions of large holdings and small holdings, annually discussed by the collective wisdom of England—endless discussions, got up to amuse the people and to secure the possession of Ireland to the Anglo-Irish courtier. There is a much higher question to be discussed than large holdings and small holdings;*

it is this: To whom belongs naturally the soil from which a nation is to draw its food?

[5.] *Dr. Latham's Letter. Page 149.*

CRETINISM IN ENGLAND.

A short pamphlet on "Cretins and Idiots, with an Account of the Progress of the Institutions for their Relief and Cure," printed apparently for private circulation, draws the attention of the physician and the philanthropist to a series of facts of great importance, but of which the full magnitude has yet to be ascertained. It is not the circumstance of cretinism and goitre being endemic in certain valleys of Switzerland, the Tyrol, Carinthia, and other mountainous areas,—nor yet the Institution of the Abendberg, skilfully conducted by Dr. Guggenbuhl, and long since introduced to numerous readers in your columns, that comes emphatically home to us here in England. As pieces of medical science these facts have their value. Still more so has the great success with which numerous cases of the most unpromising kind have been treated. But the sadder truth for us is, that, with all the moderate altitudes of our English mountains—*with all the physical advantages of our highly cultivated soil—with all our vaunted superiority of aliment, clothing, and the like—with all our Anglo-Saxondom, and its pre-eminence in the way of race,—we of England have not only idiocy*

and goitre to an uncredited extent, but we have amongst us cretinism in its genuine and most typical forms—just as truly as they have it in the Alps and in the Andes. We have it not only in this geological locality or in that, but more or less diffused everywhere,—in the high and goitrous levels of the mountain-limestone districts of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, in Somersetshire, in Hertfordshire, in London, and in our towns,—the towns where disease is endemic, and the towns where sanitary reform has become a principle.

It is the fault of no one that this scourge exists,—it is only discreditable that so many should have overlooked its existence. The full extent of this oversight has yet to be investigated. The faint outline, however, of the work to be done is derived from Dr. Guggenbuhl,—no Englishman, but a Swiss. Yet the research is eminently of the kind for which a foreigner is the least adapted,—just as the native Englishman is the fittest. A Swiss physician in the dales of Yorkshire, searching amongst the peasantry for cases of cretinism, labours under the same disadvantages as an Englishman would if he should attempt the investigation of the local dialects of Germany on the strength of his scholastic attainments in philology. A foreigner has no fair chance in such case ; and in attempting it, he does justice neither to himself nor to his subject. Let us take, however, simply as a sample of what is to be done, a few facts relating to the cretinism of England.

Settle, with the parts about it, is one out of many of the Yorkshire localities for cretinism. In Silverdale Dr. Guggenbuhl found eleven cretins in a single family. Oldham is a similarly afflicted locality:—so that the industry of one of our largest manufacturing towns has a double influence to contend against—the endemic disadvantages of the soil itself, and the toil and travail of the loom. At Chiselborough, a village of Somersetshire, Dr. Guggenbuhl saw 32 cretins in a village of 300 inhabitants:—a proportion of more than 10 per cent. This, and the list of similar facts which could be adduced, should awaken the observation—not of the English public (for that is a phrase too general to have any practical meaning)—but of the medical practitioners, the poor-law guardians, and the clergy of Great Britain,—the provincial especially. The subject should command the notice of sanitary boards, and of such medical societies as the Epidemiological and others. It should not escape the inquiry of those numerous surveyors and reporters—agricultural, geological, and what not—who are spread over the country like a cloud.

A great deal has been written on the text of “How to Observe,”—and the cretinism of Great Britain is one of the hitherto neglected objects in the field of observation. Let attention be excited, and let facts be accumulated,—and there can be no doubt that good will follow in the way of remedy, or palliation, or prevention.—I am, &c.,

R. G. LATHAM.

[6.] *Dr. Forbes's One-sided Impartiality.*

In the first volume of the learned Physician's Memorandums we are favoured with a chapter devoted almost exclusively to the important subject of "Proselytism" and "Conversions." Here he parades as usual his *impartiality*. He says, towards the close of the chapter,—“It will probably appear to both the parties concerned in this religious crusade, that, in the preceding statements, I have shown myself honest overmuch.” The nature of the Doctor's honesty may be judged of by a statement of his own made in an earlier part of the same chapter (p. 251). It is this:—“It is but fair to state that my conversation on these matters was chiefly, though by no means exclusively, with Catholics.” The saving clause, “though by no means exclusively,” will be taken for as much as it is worth, which is evidently very little. When, then, Dr. Forbes wished to form a just estimate of the value of a movement, the object of which is to lead Romanists to the knowledge and enjoyment of that spiritual liberty which God's truth uncorrupted by human tradition alone can impart, he sought his information, *almost* exclusively, from men who were not only interested in concealing the truth from others, but who would willingly conceal it also from themselves. And this he would have regarded as an excess of honesty! But I must quote another statement, the honesty of which I would in no degree impugn, to fix at its true value the

testimony of this very impartial observer. It refers to the same subject. He says, "Here, as on other occasions, I had much cause for regretting that the rapid nature of my journey did not allow me to investigate, in any formal manner, this very important movement." Thus, according to his own most honest confessions, he travels rapidly through the country, he seeks his information almost exclusively at the hands of Roman Catholic school-masters and priests, and then expects the Protestant people of England to receive him as an enlightened and impartial witness upon a subject with which, as he himself admits, is connected "the future moral and social condition of the Irish people."

As evidence of the present energetic character of Irish Protestantism, and of the success of its efforts, and that in parts through which the Doctor's route lay, I will make an extract or two from a Paper, issued "By order of the Bishop of Tuam," signed by his Lordship's Secretary, and dated "Tuam, 24th August, 1852." And I beg the reader to compare this date with that on which Dr. Forbes landed at Kingstown harbour for his autumnal tour, viz., August 7th, 1852.

To make the extracts intelligible I must premise that the confirmations to which the Report refers are divided under three heads. 1. Confirmations which took place in localities where little or no organized missionary exertions had been made. 2. Confirmations which took place in parishes

where the parochial clergy had been assisted by missionaries under the Irish Society. 3. Confirmations which took place in parishes where the missionary operations had been in connection with the Society for Irish Church Missions.

The result with reference to the third head is as follows :—

“In the Districts in connection with the Society for Irish Church Missions 740 persons were confirmed; 205 original Protestants, and 535 converts from Romanism. These latter came from 27 Stations to ten different places where the confirmations were held.

“The number of converts confirmed in this District in Sept., 1851, was 712, and in Oct., 1849, there was 401, and 300 in Achill, which, together with the present number, makes 1948 in three years.

“Three new churches were consecrated, and one newly-enlarged church was opened, affording sittings for 1560 persons.

“First stones were laid of three new churches, which will afford accommodation to 1600 persons.

“Two new churches were contracted for, to be immediately commenced, which will afford accommodation to 900 persons.

“Thus, eight new churches and one greatly enlarged are provided, affording accommodation for 4060 persons.

“Besides these, two new schoolhouses were opened as licensed houses of worship, calculated

to accommodate 900 persons. Two more were found to be nearly finished for the same purpose, adding accommodation for 700 persons—together 1600 persons; and two more were commenced, which will eventually provide for 700 more. In all, 2300 persons.

These six licensed houses, added to the sittings in nine new Churches, make the total accommodation provided amount to 6360 persons.

The general total of the result of the whole tour, comprising all the three heads, is as follows:—

In all 1294 persons were confirmed, being 457 original Protestants, and 837 converts.

These converts, added to the numbers previously confirmed upon the two occasions within the last three years, make 2411 converts confirmed.

Three new Churches have been consecrated, and one enlarged. Five new Churches are in process of completion. The first stones were laid of three more, and two more were contracted for, making in all 14 new Churches, which will afford sittings for 5210 persons.

Six new licensed houses for Divine worship have been provided, accommodating 2300 worshippers, which, added to the former numbers, will afford accommodation for 7510 persons.

Besides this accommodation, afforded in twenty localities, where none existed before, there are five other places, in West Galway, not included in the above tour, in each of which there is a Schoolroom where Divine service is performed on the Lord's-

day, and in which accommodation is provided for 1350 worshippers. This number, added to the 7510 already stated, makes a total of 8860 sittings now newly provided."

In his anxiety to stand as the apologist of Romanism Dr. Forbes has gone much further than Romanists themselves. On the 11th of Nov., 1851, *The Dublin Evening Post* contained these words: "We learn, from unquestionable Catholic authority, that the success of the proselytizers in almost every part of the country, and, we are told, in the metropolis, is beyond all that the worst misgivings could have dreamt of." On the 20th of November, 1852, (I know not in what month and in what day of that month, the Doctor returned from his tour in that same year, 1852,) *The Nation* made this admission, "There can no longer be any question that the systematized proselytism has met with an immense success in Connaught and Kerry. It is true that the altars of the Catholic Church have been deserted by thousands born and baptized in the ancient faith of Ireland."

Were it necessary or desirable I could fill many pages with *facts*, carefully collected, which would prove how much Dr. Forbes has yet to learn before he can be received as a witness of any value upon a subject which, he may rely upon it, is not to be mastered in the spare moments of a rapid journey.

I wish, however, before altogether leaving him and his memorandums, to supply the commentary of a few facts upon some remarks which occur

towards the close of his second volume (p. 400). He is dealing with Ireland's "Religious Grievance," and he writes thus: "If, indeed, the desires and hopes of amiable but visionary enthusiasts could be accepted by reasonable minds as grounds for safe calculation, then might we believe that the progress of Protestantism in Ireland would ere long solve the riddle, and annihilate the difficulty, by leaving the whole population of that country of one faith, in which case, what is now felt to be a grievance and a wrong would become the source of consolation and blessing, and be universally recognized as just and right. But, alas, this consideration can have no place in the minds of those who have any pretensions to be fair judges in a case like this; it is truly 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' and deserves no graver reception at the hands of philosophers or philosophic statesmen."

Of course, in the opinion of Dr. Forbes, the principles of Romanism have a firm hold upon the minds of the Irish. But is it so? Let us see.

Not long since a letter was addressed by the Rev. R. Mullen, a Roman Catholic priest in New Orleans, to the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland, and was published in *The Tablet*. From it I make the following extracts:—

"The present population of the United States is about 25,000,000, and of these the Catholic Church claims only 1,980,000.

"From the year 1825 to 1844, 1,250,000 left Ireland, one million of whom came to America;

the proportion of Catholics among them may be very fairly estimated at 800,000.

“Since that period to the present the numbers who emigrated here from Ireland, at the lowest calculation, were 1,500,000; and taking the Catholics as above, we will have, in nine years, 1,200,000.

“A large number (say half a million) came from Germany, some from Italy, France, Belgium, and other countries, during the last ten years, half of whom were Catholics, say 250,000.

“Twelve years ago America had a Catholic population (according to Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston), of 1,200,000.

“Calculating the increase of this number by births, at the very small number of 500,000, and adding for converts in the larger cities and towns 20,000, we will have the following total:—

Catholic emigrants from the year	
1825 to 1844... ..	800,000
Catholic emigrants from 1844 to 1852	1,200,000
” ” from other countries	250,000
American Catholic population, twelve	
years ago	1,200,000
Increase by births since	500,000
Number of converts	20,000
<hr/>	
Number who ought to be Catholics...	3,970,000
Number who are Catholics	1,980,000
<hr/>	
Number lost to the Catholic Church...	1,990,000
Say, in round numbers, Two Millions !	

“This calculation is vastly under the reality, yet it is a startling revelation, that two millions (principally of Irish Catholics) have been lost to the Church in less than a quarter of a century!”

So far, then, is Roman Catholicism from having that wide and firmly-placed influence upon the minds of the Irish, which would render visionary the hopes of those who expect to see Ireland even yet spiritually free: it is clear that millions want but the opportunity for throwing off a yoke which they cannot but feel to be galling. Such an opportunity a really enlightened and honest Government would soon afford them.

THE END.



